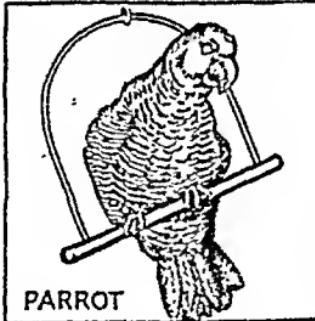


A PIRATE



PARROT



TREASURE ISLAND

BY
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*First published 1932
Second Edition (Reset) 1952
New Impression (Thirtieth Printing) 1959*

Printed in Great Britain by
NEILL & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH

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“BOTH MY PISTOLS WENT OFF” (*see page 122*)

One

THE OLD SEA-DOG AT THE "BENBOW" INN

MR. TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen have asked me to write down the whole story of Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back. I therefore take up my pen in the year 1760, and go back to the time when my father kept the "Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sword-cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-cart; a tall, strong, heavy, brown man; his knot of hair falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands hard and torn, with black, broken nails; and the sword-cut across one cheek, a dirty, blue-white mark. I remember him looking round the bay and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterward :

" Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! "

in the high, old shaking voice. Then he knocked on the door with a bit of stick, and, when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. He drank the rum slowly, dwelling upon the taste of it, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our sign-board.

" This is a nice bay," said he at last; " and a pleasantly placed inn. Do you have much company? "

My father told him no—very little company, the more was the pity.

" Well, then," said he, " this is the place for me. Here

you, young fellow," he cried to the man who pushed the hand-cart, "come over here and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit. What may you call me? You may call me 'captain.' Oh, I see what you're at—there!" and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the floor. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," said he, looking very fierce.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he walked round the bay or upon the cliffs, with a brass spy-glass; all the evening he sat in a corner of the sitting-room next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his walk, he would ask if any seaman had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the lack of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he did not desire to meet them. When a seaman stayed at the "Benbow," he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the sitting-room; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me to one side one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny piece on the first day of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seaman with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared.

How that person—the seaman with one leg—came into my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. But of the captain himself, I was far less frightened than anybody else. There he would sit at nights drinking rum, and singing his bad old wild sea-songs, caring for nobody. Sometimes he would order me to serve glasses of rum to all the persons present, and he would force all the company to listen to his stories or to join in with his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"; all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, lest he should be noticed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and murder, and storms at sea, and wild deeds. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it, it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life.

In one way, indeed, it did seem that he might ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long used up; and still my father never had the courage to demand more.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change in his dress. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbours, and with these, for the most part, only when he had drunk more rum than was good for him. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once disobeyed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in the illness which ended in his death. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see my father, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the sitting-room to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the village. I followed him in, and I remember observing the great difference in appearance between the doctor with his powdered hair as white as snow, and his bright black eyes, and pleasant manners, and the rough country folk—and above all, with that dirty, heavy, red-eyed **pirate** of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table.

Suddenly the captain began his usual song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that big box of his upstairs in the front room. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice

to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce a pleasant effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener. The captain looked at him for a time, knocked on the table for silence, looked still harder, and at last broke out with a foul word: "Silence, there, you . . . !"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" said the doctor; and when the fellow had told him, with another foul word, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replied the doctor, "—that, if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be free of a very dirty and base fellow!"

The old fellow's anger was terrible. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a great knife, and laying it open on his hand, looked as if he would pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same voice; rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour, you shall hang at a very early date."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon yielded, put up his weapon, and sat down again making low noises in his throat, like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my part of the country, you may be sure I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm an officer of the law; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of rudeness like to-night's, I'll have you hunted down and driven out of this."

Soon after this Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain was silent that evening, and for many evenings to come.



"SILENCE, THERE!"

TWO

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

IT was not very long after this that there happened the first of the strange events that set us free at last of the captain—though not, as you will see, of his business. It was a very cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy storms; and it was plain from the first that my poor father would not see the spring. He grew daily weaker, and my mother and I had all the work of the inn to do, and were kept busy enough, without attending much to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early; a cold, frosty morning. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his short sword swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass spy-glass under his arm, his hat on the back of his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in the air behind him as he marched off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he passed the big rock, was his blowing loudly through his nose, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return, when the door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a yellow-faced creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a sword, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seamen, with one leg or two, and I remember that this one surprised me. He was not like a sailor,¹ and yet he had some taste of the sea about him.

I asked him what he required, and he said he would take rum; but, as I was going out of the room to fetch it, he sat down upon a table and made sign to me to draw near. I paused where I was, with a cloth in my hand.

¹Sailor or one who sails—a seaman.

"Come here, boy," said he. "Come nearer here."

I took a step nearer.

"Is this table for my friend Bill?" he asked, with a nasty look.

I told him I did not know his friend Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my friend Bill would be called 'the captain.' He has a cut on one cheek, and a very pleasant way with him, particularly in drink. We'll suppose that your captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll suppose, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my friend Bill in this house?"

I told him that he was out walking.

"Which way, boy? Which way is he gone?"

I pointed out the rock and told him by which way the captain would return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions. "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my friend Bill."

The stranger kept waiting about just inside the inn door. At last he saw the captain coming along the road. Then, "Sure enough," he said, "here's my friend Bill, with a spy-glass under his arm, bless his old heart, to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the room, my son, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his heart, I say again."

So saying, the stranger went with me into the sitting-room, and put me behind him in the corner so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very much alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He loosened the blade of his sword; and all the time we were waiting there, he kept swallowing, as if there were something in his throat.

At last in came the captain, shut the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast lay ready for him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain turned quickly round on his heel; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees the Evil One; and, indeed, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know your old friend, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sound in his throat.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" replied the other, now more sure of himself. "Black Dog, come to see his old friend Billy, at the Benbow Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a lot of things, we two, since I lost those two fingers," holding up his damaged hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've hunted me down; here I am; well, then, speak up: what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog; "you're in the right, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk, like old friends."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table, Black Dog next to the door, and sitting on the side of his chair, so as to have one eye on his old friend, and one, as I thought, on his way of escape.

He ordered me to go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your key-holes for me, boy," he said; and I left them together and went into the next room.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low murmuring; but at last the voice began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly foul ones, from the captain.

"No, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to hanging, hang all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a fearful burst of foul words and other noises. The chair and table went over. The sound of fighting followed; and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog running away, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn swords, and blood

was streaming from Black Dog's left shoulder. Just at the door, the captain aimed one last fearful blow at the fellow, which would certainly have cut him in half, had it not been caught by our big sign-board. You may see the mark on the lower side of the board to this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful speed, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain stood gazing at the sign-board as if he did not know where he was. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," said he, "rum"; and as he spoke, he nearly fell, but caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteadied by all that had happened, and I broke a glass, and while I was pouring out the rum again, I heard a loud fall in the sitting-room. Running in, I beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed, and his face a dreadful colour.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried my mother, "what a shame upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

We had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-hurt in the struggle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat; but his teeth were tightly shut. We were very glad when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? Don't be silly!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. He is ill, seriously ill, as I warned him that he would be, if he went on drinking rum. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband;

and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's entirely worthless life; and Jim here will get me a large cup."

When I got back with the cup, the doctor had already cut open the captain's coat, and laid bare his great strong arm. Strange pictures and words had been pricked into the skin in several places. "*Here's good fortune*," "*A fair wind*," and "*Billy Bones his fancy*" were very neatly and clearly drawn on the lower part of the arm; and up near the shoulder there was a picture of a man being hanged.

"A true sign of the future," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the colour of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the cup"; and with that he took his knife.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked about him. First he recognized the doctor with an angry look; then his eyes fell upon me, and he looked happier. But suddenly his colour changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor. "You have been drinking rum; and exactly what I warned you of has happened; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones——"

"That's not my name," he said angrily.

"Much I care," replied the doctor. "It's the name of a pirate whom I knew once; and I call you by it for short, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one, you'll take another and another; and I tell you that, if you don't stop drinking, you'll die. Do you understand that? Come, now, try your best. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we got him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back, as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, remember," said the doctor, "the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet for a time; he should lie for a week where he is; that is the best thing for him and you; but the next attack will finish him."

Three

THE BLACK SPOT

ABOUT noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've been always good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now, you see, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one little glass of rum, now, won't you, boy?"

"But the doctor—" I began.

"Doctors are all useless. That doctor is a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drop of rum, Jim, I shall go mad. I shall begin seeing things. I've seen Flint in that corner there as plain as print. I'll give you a golden pound for one glass, Jim."

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it hastily, and drank it off.

"Yes," said he, "that's better. And now, boy, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that: they'd have the black spot on me by then. They are going about planning things against me. Fools, who couldn't keep what they got and want to steal what's another's. Is that the way for seamen to behave? But I'm a saving fellow: I never wasted good money, nor lost it. But I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid of them."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from the bed with great difficulty, holding on to my shoulder so tight that it almost made me cry out. Then he paused.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears are singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him, he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a time silent.

"Jim," he said at last, "you saw that seaman to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," said he. "He's a bad one; but there are worse that sent him. Now, if I can't get away, anyhow, and they hand me the black spot, remember this. It's my old sea-chest they're after. You get on a horse and go to that cursed doctor, and tell him to bring all his men and he'll catch them, catch all old Flint's crew at the Benbow Inn, man and boy, all of them that are left. I was old Flint's first officer, and I'm the only one that knows the place. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay dying. But you won't tell anyone unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seaman with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, Captain?" I asked.

"That's a call. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll go equal shares with you, I will."

He talked a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him the powder which the doctor had sent, he fell into a heavy sleep, and I left him.

My poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which

put all other matters on one side. Our natural grief, the visits of the neighbours, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on all the time, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, and had his meals as usual, though he ate a little and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the barrel, looking black and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to prevent him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was dreadful in that house of mourning to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea-song.

The captain remained very weak. He climbed up and down stairs, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea air. His temper was worse than ever. He had an alarming way now, when he was drinking, of drawing his sword and laying it bare before him on the table. He seemed to take less notice of other people now, and to be shut up in his own thoughts.

So things passed until the day after the funeral. About three o'clock of a cold, misty, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road. He was blind, for he felt before him with a stick, and had a covering over his eyes and nose; and he was bent as if with age or weakness. He wore a huge ragged sea coat. I never saw in my life a more dreadful-looking figure. He stopped a little distance from the inn, and, raising his voice in an odd way, half singing, half speaking, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend tell a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in defending his native country, in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the Benbow Inn, Black Hill Bay, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he, "—a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the terrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature seized it in a moment in an iron hand. I was so much alarmed that I struggled to draw my hand away, but the blind man pulled me close up to him.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "I dare not."

"Oh," he laughed, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

And he gave it, as he spoke, a pull that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn sword. Another gentleman . . ."

"Come, now, march," said he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It frightened me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and towards the sitting-room, where our sick old captain was sitting, foolish with rum. The blind man kept close to me, holding me in one iron hand, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this"; and with that he bent my arm round so that I nearly fainted. Between this and that, I was so utterly terror-struck of the blind man that I forgot my terror of the captain, and, as I opened the sitting-room door, cried out the words he had ordered in a shaking voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him. The look on his face was not so much of terror as of sickness unto death. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the blind man. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger move. Business is business. Hold out your right hand. Boy, take his right arm, and bring his right hand near to my right."

We both obeyed him, and I saw him pass something from

the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the captain's hand, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man; and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and quickly slipped out of the room and into the road: and I could hear his stick go *tap-tap-tapping* into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at last, and about at the same moment, I let go of his arm, which I was still holding. He drew in his hand and looked quickly into it.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet"; and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he put his hand to his throat, stood unsteadily for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face down to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was useless. The captain was dead.

Four

THE SEA-CHEST

I LOST no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew. We saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous condition. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr. Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected—which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house: the fall of coals in the kitchen fire-place, even the sound of the clock, filled us with alarms. All around us we seemed to hear the sounds of approaching footsteps. In the sitting-room lay the dead body of the captain: and somewhere—*somewhere*—near us that terrible blind man was waiting and ready to return. There were moments

when (as the saying is) I "jumped in my skin" for terror. Something must speedily be decided on.

On one thing my mother was firmly resolved: she would not lose the money which the captain owed her. "It belongs to me and it belongs to you, Jim, my poor fatherless boy. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it." Then my mother got a candle and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the sitting-room. The captain lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

I shut the outside door and bolted it.

"Draw the curtains, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and her voice broke as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the "black spot"; and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear handwriting, this short message:

You have till ten to-night.

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock sounded the hour. This sudden noise came as a fearful shock to us; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A little money, some string and a few big needles, a pocket compass, and a knife were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's around his neck," whispered my mother.

I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of dirty string which I cut with his own knife, we found the key. At this success we were filled with hope, and hurried upstairs without delay to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day he arrived.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the letter B burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners broken as by long, rough use.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and she quickly turned it and threw open the chest.

A strong smell rose from the inside, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed. Under that we found all sorts of things—a tin cup, a bar of silver, a pair of very fine pistols, an old clock, some jewelled pins of foreign make and of little value, and five or six West Indian shells.

We had found nothing of any value but the silver and the jewelled pins, and neither of these were of any use to us. Underneath there was an old long coat, whitened with sea-salt in many a harbour. My mother pulled it up, and there lay before us—the last things in the chest—something looking like papers, tied up in yellow cloth, and a bag, that gave forth, at a touch, the sound of gold.

"I'll show these fellows that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have what is owed me, and not a penny over. Hold my bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's debt from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the pieces were of all countries and sizes. The English pounds, too, were about the rarest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about half-way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the *tap-tapping* of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door; and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt shaking as the hateful creature tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the *tapping* began again and, to our great joy and thankfulness, died slowly again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going"; for I was sure the bolted door must have given a warning to the enemy and would bring the whole lot of them about us very soon. And yet I was glad that I had bolted it—rather than meet that terrible blind man again.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not take a penny more than was owed to her, and was firmly resolved not to be contented with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still talking about this, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this for my share," said I, seizing the papers.

Next moment we were both finding our way downstairs in the darkness, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next moment we had opened the door and were running away from the house as fast as we could move. We had not started a moment too soon. The mist was rapidly vanishing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and it was only in the exact bottom of the valley and round the inn door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Less than half-way to the village, just beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears. As we looked back in their direction, a light swinging and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the new-comers carried a lamp.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, weak as she was, to the edge of the bank. There, sure enough, she gave a sigh, and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done, but I dragged her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could

not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than creep below it. So there we had to stay—my mother lying almost entirely in the open, and both of us within hearing of the inn.

Five

THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN

FRIGHTENED though I was, I felt that I must find out what was happening. I crept back to the bank again. From there I could see the road before our door. I had scarcely reached this place before my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them running hard, and the man with the lamp some yards in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I saw, even through the mist, that the middle one of these three was the blind man. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

“Down with the door!” he cried.

“Right, sir!” answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the “Benbow,” the lamp-bearer following. Then I could see them pause, and heard whispering, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was not for long, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were on fire with eagerness and anger.

“In, in, in!” he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the blind man. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house:

“Bill’s dead!”

But the blind man cursed them again for their delay.

“Search him, some of you; and the rest of you run upstairs and get the chest,” he cried.

I could hear their feet on our old stairs. Soon afterwards, fresh sounds of surprise arose; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a noise of broken glass; and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind man on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried, "they've been before us. Someone's turned the chest out."

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money.

"Flint's writing, I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here anywhere," replied the man.

"Here, you below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

At that, another fellow (probably the one who had remained below to search the captain's body) came to the door of the inn. "Bill's been searched already," said he; "nothing left."

"It's these people of the inn—it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried the blind man, Pew. "They were here no time ago—they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em."

"Sure enough, they left their candle here," said the fellow from the window.

"Scatter and find 'em! Search the whole house!" repeated Pew, striking with his stick upon the road.

Then there followed a great noise through all our old inn, heavy feet thundering to and fro, chairs thrown over, and doors kicked in. Then the men came out again, one after another, on the road, and declared that we were nowhere to be found. And just then the same whistle, that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead captain's money, was once more clearly heard through the night, but this time twice repeated. I had thought it to be the blind man's whistle calling his crew to the attack; but I now found that it came from the hillside towards the village; and, from its effect upon the pirates, it seemed to be a sign to warn them of approaching danger.

"There's Dirk again," said one. "Twice! We'll have to move."

"Move, you dog!" cried Pew. "Dirk was a fool from the first—you wouldn't trouble about him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, you dogs! Oh, curse my soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

This order seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there, but half-heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood doubtfully on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands of pounds, you fools, and you do nothing! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there waiting. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it—a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, creeping thing, begging for rum, when I might be riding in a fine carriage! If you had the least bit of spirit in you, you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the money!" murmured one.

"They may have hidden the blessed thing," said another. "Take the money, Pew, and don't stand here making such a noise."

"Noise" was indeed the right word, for Pew's anger rose high at these words, till at last he lost all control of himself, and he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind man, and tried to catch the stick and get it away from him.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still going on, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the village—the sound of horses. Almost at the same time a pistol-shot came from among the trees. And that was plainly the last warning of danger; for the pirates turned at once and ran, separating in every direction, one seaward along the bay, one across the hill, and so on. In half a minute not a sign of them remained, but Pew. They had deserted him—perhaps because they were too frightened to

care about him, or perhaps as a punishment for his rough words and blows. I know not which was the reason; but there he remained, feeling his way wildly up and down the road with his stick and calling for his companions. Finally he took the wrong turn, and ran a few steps past me, towards the village, crying:

“Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk,” and other names, “you won’t leave old Pew, my lads—not old Pew!”

Just then the noise of horses came over the top of the hill, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight, and charged down the slope.

At this Pew saw his mistake, turned with a cry, and ran straight for the bridge, but missed it and rolled into the dry bed of the stream. He was on his feet again immediately. But he had now completely lost his sense of direction; he made another dash right under the nearest of the oncoming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but without success. Down went Pew with a terrible cry that rang high into the night; and the horse’s feet fell on him and kicked him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently rolled over on his face, and moved no more.

I leapt to my feet and shouted to the riders, and I soon saw what they were. A lad from the village near by had noticed a strange boat in the bay, and had seen something of the doings at the inn. He had run for help and met Captain Dance with his soldiers, and had brought them along.

Pew was dead, stone dead. I told Captain Dance my story. “I am glad I rode him down,” said he.

We carried my mother back to the Benbow Inn. You cannot imagine a house in such a state of ruin as that was. Even the clock had been thrown down; but nothing had been taken away except the captain’s money-bag. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

“They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins, what were they after? More money, I suppose?”

“No, sir; not money, I think,” replied I. “In fact, sir,



DOWN WENT PEW WITH A TERRIBLE CRY

I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr. Livesey——" I began.

"Perfectly right," he said, "perfectly right—a gentleman and an officer of the law. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or Mr. Trelawney. Mr. Pew's dead; not that I am sorry for that, but he's dead, you see, and people will blame me, if they can, and give me a lot of trouble. If you like, I will take you along."

I got up on the horse behind him.

Six

THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS

WE rode hard all the way, till we came to Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark at the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to have dinner and pass the evening with Mr. Trelawney.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran holding on to the horse to the gates, and up the long, moonlit road to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here, Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, went into the house.

The servant led us into a large room, full of books, in which Mr. Trelawney and Dr. Livesey sat, pipes in hand, on either side of a bright fire.

I had never seen Mr. Trelawney, the great man of our part of the country, so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad too; and he had a strong face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. From his eyes I guessed that he had some temper—not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he very gravely.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What brings you here?"

Captain Dance stood up straight, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said Mr. Trelawney, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black pirate, Pew, I regard it as an excellent thing to have done. This lad Hawkins is a fine lad, I observe. Hawkins, you will ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some wine."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the papers done up in cloth.

The doctor looked the thing all over, as if his fingers were eager to open it; but instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"When Dance has had his wine," he said, "he will have to leave us, for he has other duties; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house. If you will allow it, I would like to have the cold meat brought so that he may get something to eat."

"As you like, Livesey," said Mr. Trelawney; "Hawkins has deserved better than cold meat."

So cold meat was brought in and put on a side-table, and

I made a fine big supper, for I was very hungry. Mr. Dance drank his wine and departed.

"And now, sir," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said Mr. Trelawney, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried he. "Heard of him, you say! He was the most blood-thirsty pirate that ever sailed. I was once on a ship at Trinidad; they saw Flint's sails and went straight back into port, sir!"

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried Mr. Trelawney. "Have you heard the story? What were these pirates after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their foul bodies but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so hot-headed and noisy that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some paper showing where Flint hid his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried Mr. Trelawney. "It will amount to this: if we have the paper you talk about, I'll fit out a ship at Bristol, and take you and Hawkins along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim agrees, we'll open the cover"; and he laid it before him on the table.

The papers were carefully packed up and he had to get his knife to cut it open. It contained two things—a book and a paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," said the doctor.

Mr. Trelawney and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it. On the first page, there were only some lines of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make in play or for practice. One was the same as the mark on our captain's arm, "*Billy Bones his fancy*"; then

there was "*Mr. W. Bones*," "*No more rum*," "*Off Palm Key he got it!*" and some other things, mostly single words. I could not help wondering who it was that had "got it," and what "it" was that he got: a knife in his back, I suppose.

"Not much help here," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious set of figures. There was a date at one end of the line, and at the other an amount of money, as in common account-books; but instead of any writing between the date and the figures, only a number of marks, XXX. On the 12th of June, 1745, for example, seventy pounds was paid to someone, and there was nothing but six marks to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "*Off Caracas*."

The account extended over nearly twenty years, the amounts growing larger as time went on, and at the end the whole amount had been added up after five or six wrong attempts, and these words were written, "*Bones, his lot.*"

"I can't understand this at all," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried Mr. Trelawney. "This is the black-hearted dog's account-book. The marks stand for the names of ships that they sank. The figures are the fellow's share, and where he feared a doubt you see he added something clearer. '*Off Caracas*,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel attacked off that coast. God help the poor souls that were in her—dead long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the book but a few names of places written in the pages towards the end, and a list showing the value of French and of Spanish money in English money.

"Careful man!" cried the doctor. "He did not mean to lose any of his money."

"And now," said Mr. Trelawney, "for the other."

The doctor opened the paper with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with lines showing its exact place on a map of the world, and figures telling how deep the sea was along its coast, also the names of hills, and bays, and everything that would be needed to bring a ship safely to its shores. The island was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like some fat beast standing up. It had two fine harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked "The Spy-glass." There were several marks added at a later date; but, above all, three red marks—two on the north part of the island, one in the south-west, and, besides this last, in the same red ink, and in a different handwriting these words:

Main part of treasure here.

Over on the back the same person had written:

Tall-tree, Spy-glass shoulder, line to a point to the N. of N.N.E.

Island E.S.E. and by E.

Ten feet.

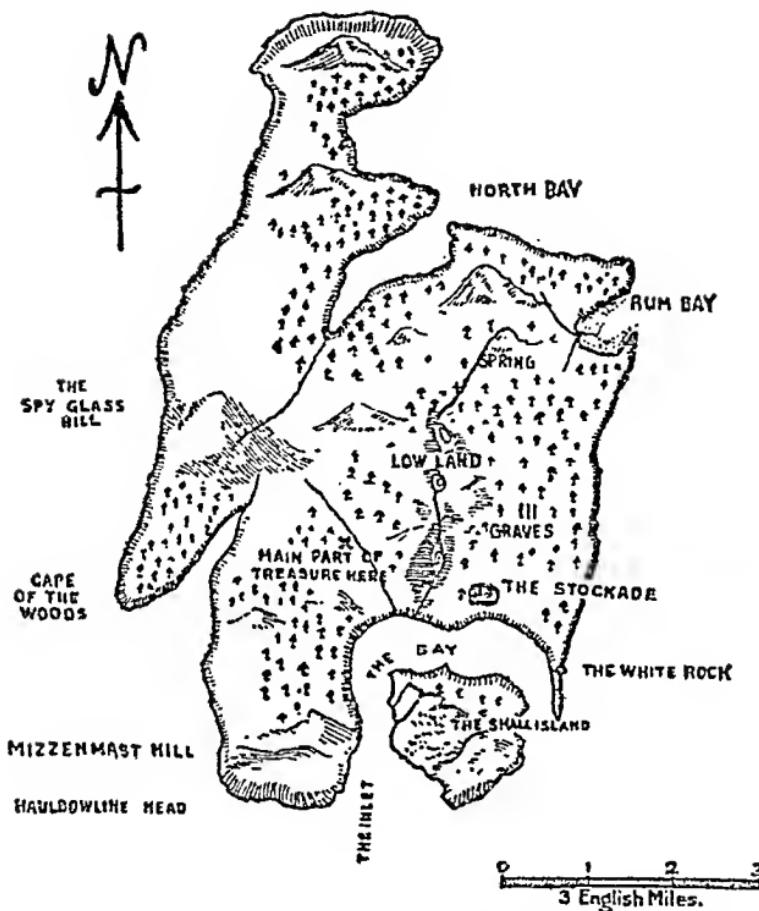
The bar silver is in the northern hiding-place; you can find it by the line of the eastern hill, sixty feet south of the black rock with the face on it.

The guns are easily found, in the sand-hill, N. point of north cape, on a line E. and a quarter N.

J. F.

That was all; but, little as it was and to me meaningless, it filled Mr. Trelawney and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said Mr. Trelawney, "you will give up this work of yours here at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time—three weeks!—two weeks—ten days—we'll have the best ship, sir, and the best crew in England. Hawkins shall come as ship's boy. You'll make a fine ship's boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am captain. We'll take Redruth, Joyce and Hunter. We'll



*Treasure Island
Aug 1750 F.F.*

*Given by above F.F. to Mr. W. Bones mate of The
Halius. Savannah this Twentieth day July
1754 W. B.*

MAP OF TREASURE ISLAND

themselves! But none of them dare to say that the ship is not a good one.

"So far there has been no sort of difficulty. The work-people, to be sure, were very slow; but they were better later on. It was the crew that troubled me.

"I wanted twenty men—in case we meet natives, pirates, or the French—and I had the greatest difficulty in finding so much as half a dozen, till the most wonderful piece of good fortune brought me the very man that I required.

"I was standing at the harbour-side, when, by the merest accident, I fell into talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept an inn, knew all the seamen in Bristol, had lost his health on shore, and wanted work as a cook to get to sea again. He had crept down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

"I was very much moved by his story—so would you have been. Out of pure pity, I employed him to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a point in his favour, since he lost it in his country's service. The Government did nothing for him, Livesey. What bad times we live in!

"Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the finest old 'salts' you can imagine, not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of splendid spirit. I declare we could fight a battle-ship.

"Long John even sent away two out of the six or seven I had already taken. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh-water creatures we had to fear in an important and dangerous voyage.

"I am in splendid health and spirits, eating like a lion, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till my ship sets sail. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come quickly; do not lose an hour, if you respect me.

"Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with

Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

“ JOHN TRELAWNEY.

“ NOTE.—I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a ship after us if we don’t return by the end of August, had found an excellent fellow for sailing-master. Long John Silver discovered a very useful man for first officer, a man named Arrow.

“ I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of some wealth. He leaves his wife to keep the inn; I guess that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to wandering.

“ J. T.

“ NOTE.—Hawkins may stay one night with his mother.

“ J. T.”

You can fancy the excitement in which that letter put me. I was half mad with delight; and if ever I thought shame of a man, it was of old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but weep and complain. Any of the other men in the place would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not the master’s wish, and the master’s wish was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to complain.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the “ Benbow,” and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. I said good-bye to mother and the bay where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old “ Benbow.”

In the carriage I was between Redruth and a fat old gentleman, and, in spite of the swift movement and the cold night air, I must have slept a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log, up and down the hills, hour after hour. When I opened my eyes, I found that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that it was full daylight.

“ Where are we? ” I asked.

“ Bristol,” said Tom. “ Get down.”

In front of a large inn stood Mr. Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea-officer, in thick blue cloth.

"Here you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London. Excellent! the ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" said he. "We sail to-morrow!"

Eight

AT THE SIGN OF THE "SPY-GLASS"

WHEN I had finished breakfast, Mr. Trelawney gave me a note addressed to "John Silver, at the sign of the 'Spy-glass,'" and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the harbour, and keeping a bright look-out for a little inn with a large brass spy-glass for sign. I set off, delighted at this chance of seeing something of the ships and seamen. I found my way among a great crowd of people and carts and goods, for the port was now at its busiest, until I found the inn.

It was a bright enough little place. The sign was newly painted; the windows had pretty red curtains; the floor was covered with clean sand. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of smoke.

The men in the room were mostly seamen; and they talked so loudly that I waited at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and instantly I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off high above the knee, and under the left shoulder he carried a long stick with the aid of which he walked; and he made wonderful use of it, for he jumped about like a

bird. He was very tall and strong, with a large face, plain and with little colour in it, but full of smiles and quick understanding. Indeed, he seemed in the best of spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables with a merry word for the more favoured of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Mr. Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old "Benbow." But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a pirate was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered fellow.

I gathered my courage, entered, and walked right up to the man where he stood, leaning on his stick, talking to a friend.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And then, when he saw Mr. Trelawney's letter, it seemed to come to him as rather a shock.

"Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new ship's boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large firm fingers.

Just then one of the men at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry made me notice him, and I recognized him at once. It was the yellow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the "Benbow."

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! It's Black Dog!"

"I don't care twopence who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his money. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up, and started in pursuit.

"If he were Lord Hawke, he shall pay for his drinks,"

cried Silver; and then, letting go of my hand: "Who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the pirates? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those dogs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, grey-haired, dark-faced sailor—came forward looking very foolish.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John very gravely; "you never set your eyes on that Black—Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as well for you!" exclaimed Silver. "If you had been mixed up with that sort of fellow, you would never have put another foot in my house."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a whisper:

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, only rather a fool. And now," he ran on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've—yes, I've seen the dog. He used to come here with a blind man, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That was his name for certain. Ah, he looked a bad one, he did! If we catch this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Captain Trelawney! Ben should run him down, by the powers!"

All the time he was saying this he was going up and down the room on his stick, striking tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have made anyone believe in him. All my fears had been awakened again by finding Black Dog at the "Spy-glass"; and I watched our



ONE OF THE MEN ROSE AND MADE FOR THE DOOR

ship's cook carefully. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and, by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and said that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been cursed like thieves, I was quite sure of the honesty of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a hard thing on a man like me now, isn't it? There's Captain Trelawney—what will he think? Here I have this cursed son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house drinking of my own rum! Here you come and tell me of it plain; and here I let him get clean away before my blessed eyes! Now, Hawkins, you speak to the captain for me. You're a lad, you are, but you're as sharp as a needle. I saw that when you first came in. Now here it is: What could I do, with this old stick I walk on? When I was a whole man, and a fine seaman too, I could have caught him in a couple of minutes; but now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his mouth fell open as though he had remembered something.

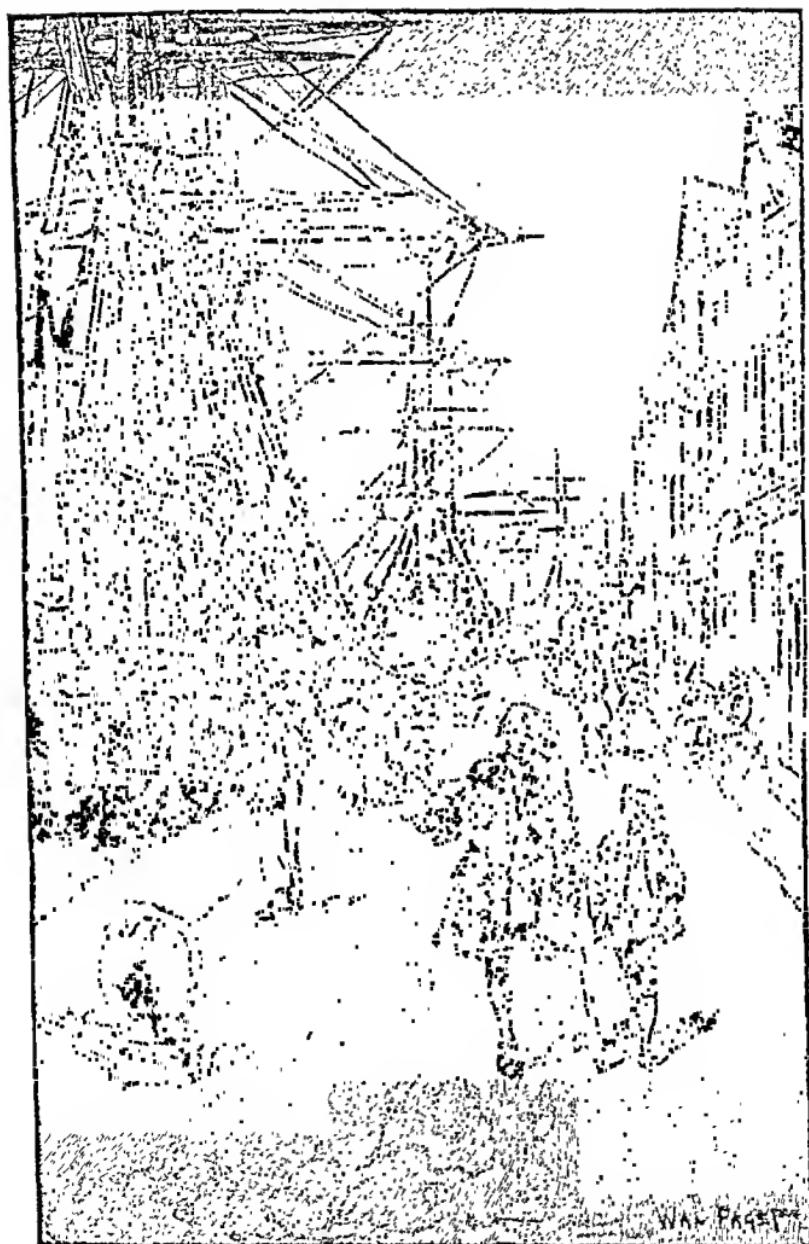
"The money!" he burst out. "Three glasses o' rum! Why, curse my soul, if I hadn't forgotten my money!"

And, falling on a seat, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed together until the inn rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-cow I am!" he said at last, drying his cheeks. "But, come now, this won't do. Duty is duty. I'll put on my old hat, and step along with you to Captain Trelawney, and report this thing. For, remember, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor I have anything to be proud of in it. Not quick—neither of the pair of us quick enough. But my money, me forgetting about my money!"

And he began to laugh again, and that so loud, that, though I did not see the point as he did, I was again forced to join him in his merriment.

On our little walk along the harbour-side, he made himself a most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed, explaining the work that was



OUR WALK ALONG THE HARBOUR-SIDE

going on—how one was getting ready for sea, another had just come in, and so on—and every now and then telling me some little story of ships or seamen. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible fellows.

When we got to the inn, Mr. Trelawney and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a drink before they should go on board the vessel to see that everything was in order.

Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That was how it was now, wasn't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always entirely support him.

The two gentlemen were sorry that Black Dog had got away; but we all agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been thanked for his trouble, Long John departed.

"All to be on board by four this afternoon," shouted Mr. Trelawney after him.

"Right, sir," cried the cook.

"Well, Trelawney," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in the fine fellows you discover, as a general rule; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

"That man's a splendid fellow," declared Mr. Trelawney.

"And now," added the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

"Certainly," he answered. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

Nine

POWDER AND ARMS

THE *Hispaniola* lay some distance from the land. We went round many other ships, and their chains sometimes rubbed underneath our boat, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we reached our ship, and were met as we

stepped on board by Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with ear-rings in his ears and curious eyes. He and Mr. Trelawney were very friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp-looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly gone below when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, asking to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said Mr. Trelawney.

The captain, who was close behind his message, entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all in order and sea-worthy?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "I had better speak plain, I believe, even at the risk of displeasing you. I don't like this trip; I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired Mr. Trelawney, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a good vessel; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" said he.

But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill-feeling. The captain has said too much or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I want him to explain his words. You don't, you say, like this trip. Now, why?"

"I was employed, sir, on secret orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me," said the captain. "So far so good. But now I find that every man on board knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?"

"No," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own men! Now, treasure is risky work: I don't like treasure voyages at all; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

"Silver's parrot?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"It's a way of speaking," said the captain—"told to everyone, I mean. I believe that neither of you gentlemen know what you are doing; but I'll tell you what I think it will be—life or death—and it will be a close fight."

"That is all clear, and, I dare say, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk, but we are not so foolish as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," answered Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own men."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should perhaps have taken you with him; but he did not intend to treat you rudely in any way. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. An officer should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, Captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this trip?"

"Like iron," answered Mr. Trelawney.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then, hear a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the front there. Now, you have a good place under here, where we are; why not put them there?—first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to live in with the crew. Why not give them places here beside us?—second point."

"Any more points?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much talking already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett: "that you have a map of an island; that there are red marks on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island lies—" And then he named the exact spot.

"I never told that," cried Mr. Trelawney, "to a soul!"

"The men know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried Mr. Trelawney.

"It doesn't much matter who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that both he and the captain still thought that Mr. Trelawney was to blame. So did I, for he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had the direction of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has the map; but I make it a point that it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow. If you cannot promise to do that, I would ask you to let me leave the ship."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter secret, and you want us to keep all the arms and powder in this rear part of the ship, and to keep our men here also. In other words, you fear that there will be actual fighting on board."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "you have no right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be right in going to sea at all if he had reason enough to say that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be, for what I know. But I am charged with the ship's safety and the life of every man on board of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite well. And I ask you to make certain arrangements which I consider necessary for safety, or to allow me to leave the ship. And that's all."

And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "though I did not imagine so at first, I now believe that you have really got two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried Mr. Trelawney; "but as for that fellow, I declare I think that he has behaved neither as a man, nor as a good seaman—nor as an Englishman."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came up, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, shouting "Yo-ho" as they worked, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by.

Long John and the last few men arrived in a boat. The cook came up the side like a monkey for quickness, and, as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho!" says he, "what's this?"

"We're changing the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the time for sailing!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. The men will want supper."

"Yes, sir," answered the cook; and he disappeared at once in the direction of his kitchen.

"That's a good man, Captain," said the doctor.

"Perhaps he is, sir," replied Captain Smollett; and then suddenly observing me examining the gun which we carried in the middle of the ship—"Here, you, ship's boy," he cried, "out of that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

I assure you I was quite of Mr. Trelawney's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

Ten

THE VOYAGE

I WAS tired out when, a little before dawn, the ship made ready to sail. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have gone to bed; all was so new and interesting to me—the quick commands, the sound of the whistle, the men running to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lamps.

“Now, Barbecue, let's have a song,” cried one voice.

“The old one,” cried another.

“Here you are,” said Long John, who was standing by, with his stick, and at once began to sing the words I knew so well:

“Fifteen men on the dead man's chest——”

And then the whole crew joined in:

“Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

Soon the sails began to fill, and the land and the other ships to slip by on either side; and, before I could lie down to get an hour of sleep the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Island of Treasure.

I am not going to describe that voyage. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were good seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came to Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was not the worst of it; for after a day or two at sea, he began

to appear with wandering eyes, red cheeks, a foolish tongue, and other marks of having drunk too much. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in bed; sometimes for a day or two he would be all right and attend to his work.

During all this time we could never make out where he got the drink. Watch him as we pleased, we could not discover the answer to this question.

He was not only useless as an officer, and a bad example to the men, but it was plain that, if he went on in this way, he must soon kill himself; so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night with a rough sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Gone!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves us trouble."

But there we were, without an officer in his place; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. Job Anderson was the best man on board. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful. And Israel Hands was a careful, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted with almost anything.

He was a great friend of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of Silver, our ship's cook (Barbecue, as the men called him).

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said Israel Hands to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book; and brave—a lion's nothing beside Long John! I've seen him fight four men, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was very kind; and always glad to see me in the kitchen, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up polished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a talk with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n

Flint—I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous pirate—here's Cap'n Flint, saying that our voyage will be successful. Weren't you, Cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, very rapidly, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, may be, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they live for ever; and if anybody's seen more evil, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Captain England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the getting up of the wrecked Plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the attack on the *Viceroy of the Indies* near Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a baby. But you know the smell of powder, don't you, Cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would call.

"Ah, she's a fine fellow, she is," the cook would say and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and utter curses, passing all believing for foulness. "There," John would add, "that's what comes of being in bad company. Here's this poor old pure-hearted bird o' mine cursing blue fire, and she doesn't know what she is saying; she doesn't. She'd say the same if she was in church." All this was said so solemnly and in such a charming manner that it made me think him the best of men.

Mr. Trelawney and Captain Smollett were still far from friendly to each other. Mr. Trelawney did not even pretend to like or respect the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted.

We had some heavy weather, which only proved what a fine ship the *Hispaniola* was. Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had not been; for I believe there was never a ship's company

so well treated. The food was good, and plenty of it. There was a barrel of apples open, for anyone to take one. If it was any man's birthday and Mr. Trelawney heard of it, a feast would be provided.

"I never knew good come of it yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "If you treat 'em too well, you make devils. That's my experience."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no warning, and might all have been murdered.

This was how it happened.

It was about the last day of our outward voyage; some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the next day, we should come in sight of the Treasure Island.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, I thought that I should like an apple. So I went up to get one.

In I got, right into the apple barrel, and found there was scarcely an apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, shaking with fear and listening with all my power; for from these dozen words, I understood that the lives of all the honest men on board depended upon me alone.

Eleven

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was captain, and I was in charge of the stores, because of my wooden leg. In that same fight in which I lost my leg, old Pew lost his eye-sight. It was a good doctor that cut my leg off; but he was hanged like a dog at Corso Castle—with Roberts' men. They were all hanged there. That came of changing the name of their ship. Now, what a ship is once named, let her stay: that's what I say. So it was with the old *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, which I've seen running with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest fellow on board, "he was the best man of the lot, was Flint!"

"Davis was a good man, too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed with him; first with England, then with Flint—that's my story; and now here on my own, in a manner of speaking. I gained nine hundred pounds with England, and two thousand with Flint. That isn't bad for a plain seaman; and all of it is laid away safely. It isn't getting money, it's saving does it. Where are all England's men now? I don't know. Where are Flint's? Why, most of 'em on board here, and glad to get the food—been begging before that, some of 'em. Old Pew, who had lost his sight, spent twelve hundred pounds in a year, like a lord. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now; but for two years before that, he hadn't a penny—begging for food, he was—and stealing, and cutting throats, just to get a bit to eat!"

"Well, it isn't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"It isn't much use for fools," cried Silver. "But now, you look here; you're young, you are, but you're as sharp

as a needle. I saw that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard this soul creature addressing another in the very same sweet words as he had used to myself. I think, if I had been able, that I would have killed him through the barrel. But he talked on, little supposing he was heard by me.

"This is how it is with gentlemen of fortune. They live rough, and they risk hanging, but they eat and drink of the best; and, when a voyage is done, why, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of pence in their pockets. Now, most of that goes for rum and enjoyment, and then to sea again in their shirts. But that's not what I do. I put it all away, some here, some there."

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, isn't it? You can't go back to Bristol after this."

"No," said the cook. "But I've seen to that. Where is all my money? Why, with my old wife, of course; and the old girl is on her way to meet me."

"And can you trust your wife?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trust little among themselves, and they are right. But I have a way with me, I have. When a fellow tries to slip away from me, he won't stay long in the same world with old John. There were some that feared Pew, and some that feared Flint; but Flint himself was afraid of me. Afraid he was. They were the roughest crew on the sea, were Flint's; the devil himself would have been afraid to go to sea with them. Well, when I was there, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old pirate crew."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't like this business till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you are, a knowing one, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so hard that all the barrel shook, "and a finer gentleman of fortune I never set my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of

their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I heard was the last act in the corrupting of one of the honest men—perhaps of the last one left on board. Silver gave a little whistle, and a third man came up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's all right," said Silver.

"Oh, I knew Dick was all right," returned the voice of Israel Hands. "He's no fool. But, look here," he went on, "here's what I want to know, Barbecue; how long are we going to stand about and do nothing? I've had almost enough of Cap'n Smollett; he's spoken rough to me long enough, by thunder! I want to live in that end of the ship. I want their nice food and wines, and that."

"Israel," said Silver, "your head isn't of much use to you, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I suppose; your ears are big enough. Now, here's what I say, you'll get on with your work and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep off the drink, till I give the word."

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" answered Hands angrily. "What I say is, 'When?' That's what I say."

"When!" cried Silver. "Well, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last possible moment; and that's when. Here's a first-class seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this Mr. Trelawney and the doctor with a map. Well then, I mean that Mr. Trelawney and the doctor shall find the treasure, and help us to get it on board; and then I'll finish with them at the island, as soon as we've got the goods on board."

"But," asked Dick, "when we do finish them, what are we to do with them?"

"That's the man for me!" cried the cook admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em on shore and sail away, and leave them there? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like sheep? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' says he."

"Right you are," said Silver. "What I say is—death. When I'm riding in my carriage, I don't want any of these gentlemen of ours coming home unexpected. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why, let us do the business thoroughly."

"John," cried Hands, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll pull his silly head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple; I'm thirsty."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leapt out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my limbs and heart failed me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then someone stopped him and the voice of Hands exclaimed:

"Oh, stop that! Don't you go eating that dirt, John. Let's have rum."

"Dick," said Silver. "I trust you. I know how much there is in the barrel, remember. There's the key; you fill a pot and bring it up."

Frightened as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, I heard him say, amongst other things, this: "Not another man of them will join." Hence there were still some faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the three took the pot and drank—one "To good fortune"; another, "Here's to old Flint"; and Silver, "Here's to ourselves."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was making our sails look like silver; and almost at the same time the voice of the look-out man shouted, "Land!"

Twelve

A PLAN OF WAR

THERE was a great rush of feet. Slipping in an instant outside my barrel, I got behind the sail, and came out in the open in time to join Hunter and Dr. Livesey in the rush to the side of the ship.

There all were already collected. The mist had lifted almost at the same time as the moon appeared. Away to the south-west of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose top was still hidden in the mist.

So much I saw, almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my terrible fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett issuing orders, and the *Hispaniola* swung on to a course that would just clear the island, on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain, "has any one of you ever seen that land before?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I went on shore to get water there with a trading ship I was cook in."

"There is a safe bay on the south, behind a little island, I fancy?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir. That bay was a great place for pirates once. That big hill with a cloud on it was called by the pirates the Spy-glass, because of the look-out man they used to keep there when they were cleaning their ships in the bay."

"I have a map here," said Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the map; but by the fresh look of the paper, I knew that it was not what he had hoped to see. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but a careful copy, complete in all

"Thank you, Jim," said he quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and joined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them raised his voice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had told them what I had said; for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, and all men were called together.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land is the place we have been sailing to. Every man on board has done his duty, as I never ask to see it done better: so Mr. Trelawney and I and the doctor are going below to drink your health and good fortune, and you'll have rum served out for you to drink our health and fortune."

The three gentlemen went below, and, not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some fruit before them, and the doctor smoking away in a manner which showed that he was excited. "Now, Hawkins," said Mr. Trelawney, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bidden and told in as few words as possible all that Silver and the others had said. Nobody said anything to me till I had finished, nor did any one of the three of them make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat."

And they made me sit down at table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, and all three, one after the other, and each with a bow, drank my good health, and their thanks to me for my good fortune and courage.

"Now, Captain," said Mr. Trelawney, "you were right, and I was wrong. I was an ass, and I am waiting your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," answered the captain. "I never knew a case like this before. When a crew is going to trouble, or means to break out and murder its officers,

it always shows signs of it, so that any man can see, and prepare for it. But this crew," he added, "beats me. I don't understand it."

"Captain," said the doctor, "allow me to say that this is because of Silver. He is a very unusual kind of man."

"He'd look unusually well hanging up with a rope round his neck, sir," replied the captain. "But this is talk; this doesn't lead to anything. I see three or four things, and, if Mr. Trelawney permits, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," said Mr. Trelawney grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to turn back, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us, at least until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful men. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later; and what I say is, to act quickly and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can be sure, I take it, of your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

"As of myself," he declared.

"Three," said the captain; "and ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins, here. Now, about the honest men?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor: "those he had picked up for himself, before he met Silver."

"No," he replied, "Hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out Mr. Trelawney. "Sir, I could find it in my heart to burn the ship and them in it."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not much. We must wait, and keep a bright look out. It's difficult, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than any-

one. The men are not afraid of him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put huge faith in you," added Mr. Trelawney.

This made me feel rather frightened, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd set of events, it was indeed through me that safety came. But, for the present, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of the twenty-six whom we knew we could trust; and, out of these seven, one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

Thirteen

HOW I WENT ON SHORE

THE appearance of the island when I came up next morning was altogether changed. Although the wind had now utterly failed, we had moved a great distance during the night, and were now lying about half a mile to the south-east of the coast. Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the land. The hills ran up clear above the wood in towers of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass was the strangest, running up very steeply from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling. I had to hold tight to the side, and the world turned before my eyes; for though I was a good enough seaman when the ship was moving forward, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to bear, especially in the morning on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this, or perhaps it was the sight of the place with its sad grey woods and wild stone towers and white waves on the beach and the shore birds crying all

round us, but from that first look onward, I hated the thought of Treasure Island.

We had a long morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out, and the ship sailed three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow course to the bay behind the small island. I offered to go in one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was terrible, and the men complained fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he complained as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with foul words, "it's not for ever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone quickly and quietly about their business; but the very sight of the island had made them less ready to obey orders.

All the way in, Long John stood by the man at the wheel. He knew the place like his own hand; and never once paused.

We stopped about a third of a mile from either shore, the main land on one side and the small island on the other. The bottom of the sea was clean sand. The noise of our coming sent up clouds of birds flying about and crying over the woods, but in less than a minute they were down again, and all was once more silent.

The place was covered with woods, the trees coming right down to the edge of the water. Two little rivers emptied out into this bay; and the leaves of the trees round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship we could see nothing of the house or **stockade**, for they were quite hidden among the trees; and if it had not been for the map, we might have been the first that had ever come there since the island rose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the sea thundering half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar dead smell hung over the place—a smell of wet leaves and decaying tree

trunks. I observed the doctor smelling the air, like someone tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I do know that this is a poisonously unhealthy place."

The way in which the men had behaved in the boat was alarming; it was more than that when they came on board. They lay about whispering together. The slightest order was received with a black look, and slowly and carelessly obeyed.

And it was not only we who observed the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He did his uttermost both in readiness to work and in politeness; he was all smiles to everyone. If an order were given, John would be on his stick in an instant, and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Long John was clearly anxious; and that was the blackest of all the black signs on this terrible afternoon.

We met together to consider how things stood.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole crew will attack us. You see, sir, how it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, the fighting will begin at once; if I don't, Silver will see that there's some hidden reason for it, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to trust."

"And who is that?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to keep things calm. This is a quarrel; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I intend to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon on shore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If some go, I am perfectly certain that Silver'll bring 'em on board again as gentle as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce and Redruth were told how things were, and received the news with less surprise and

a better spirit than we had looked for. Then the captain went and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired. A walk on shore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water. As many as please can go on shore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sunset."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would set their hands on the treasure as soon as they were landed, for they all came out of their ill-temper in a moment, and gave a shout which set all the birds flying about again over the tree-tops.

The captain was too wise to be in the way. He got out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been present, he could no longer have even pretended not to understand what was going on. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, but his crew had not learnt to obey him.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, among whom was Silver, began to get into the boats.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad ideas that helped so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that our party had no present need of my help. So I decided to go on shore. In a moment I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the front part of the nearest boat; and almost at the same moment she moved off.

No one took notice of me, only one of the rowers saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to feel sorry for what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better rowed, shot far in front of the other, and soon struck among the trees on the shore. I caught a branch and swung

myself out, and rushed into the bushes, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But you may suppose I took no notice; jumping, falling and breaking through, I ran straight on, till I could run no longer.

Fourteen

THE FIRST BLOW

I WAS so pleased at having slipped away from Long John, that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a low-lying land, some parts of it half under water; and I had now come out upon the edge of an open piece of sandy country, about a mile long, covered with a great number of trees, not unlike the oak. On the far side of the open country stood one of the hills, with two curious, rocky towers, shining brightly in the sun.

Then I came to a long wood of oak-like trees which grew low along the sand, the branches curiously bent, and the leaves thick, like a roof. The wood stretched down from the top of one of the sandy hills, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the edge of the broad, low country.

All at once there began to go a sort of hurrying among the grasses; a wild duck flew up with a *quack*; another followed, and soon a great cloud of birds hung crying and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of the men from the ship must be drawing near. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low sound of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in a great fear, and I crept under cover of the nearest tree, and hid there, listening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long time. By the sound they must have been talking very seriously, and almost fiercely; but no clear word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the grass.

I could tell the direction of the speakers exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the way in which those birds behaved which were still alarmed and flying above them.

Creeping on my hands and knees, I moved steadily but slowly towards them; till at last, raising my head to an opening among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green hollow closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face.

Silver had thrown his hat on the ground beside him, and his face was shining with the heat.

"My lad," he was saying, "it's because I think gold dust of you—gold dust. If I hadn't been your friend, do you think I'd have been here warning you? It's to save your neck that I'm speaking, and if one of the wild fellows knew it, where would I be, Tom—now, tell me, where would I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was red in the face, and his voice shook—"Silver," said he, "you're old, and you're honest, or have the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor seamen haven't; and you're brave, or I'm mistaken. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that crowd of foul creatures? Not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn against my duty——"

And then all of a sudden there was a noise. I had found one of the honest men—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out over the low land there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger,

then another on the back of it; and then one terrible long-drawn cry. The rocks of the Spy-glass repeated it a dozen times; the whole troop of birds rose again, darkening heaven with their wings; and long after the death-cry was still ringing in my ears, silence had returned. Only the whisper of the descending birds and the thunder of the distant waves broke in upon the sleepy stillness of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, but Silver had not moved. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his stick, watching his companion like a beast about to spring.

“John,” said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

“Hands off!” cried Silver, leaping back a yard.

“Hands off, if you like, John Silver,” said the other. “It’s a black heart that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven’s name, tell me what was that?”

“That?” returned Silver, smiling away, but more careful than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but glittering like a bit of glass. “That? Oh, I think that’ll be Alan.”

And at this poor Tom’s anger flashed out.

“Alan!” he cried. “Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, you have been a friend of mine, but you’re a friend of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I’ll die in my duty. You’ve killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can.”

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not fated to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, took the heavy stick from under his arms and sent it flying through the air. It struck poor Tom, with its point, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a cry, and fell.

He had no time given him to recover. Silver, quick as a monkey, even without leg or stick, was on the top of him next moment and had twice driven his knife in that helpless body. From my hiding-place, I could hear his breath as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it is to faint, but I do know that



HE CLEANED HIS BLOODY KNIFE UPON A HANDFUL OF GRASS

for the next few moments the whole world swam away from before me in a mist; Silver and the birds, and the tall Spy-glass hill-top, went round and round and over and over before my eyes, and all kinds of bells were ringing, and distant voices shouting in my ears.

When I recovered, the devil had pulled himself together, his stick under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay lifeless upon the grass but the murderer cared nothing for him. He cleaned his bloody knife upon a handful of grass. Everything else was unchanged; the sun was still shining mercilessly on the misty low land and the tall tops of the mountain, and I could scarcely bring myself to believe that murder had been actually done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew it. The sound rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the sign; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to creep back again, with what speed and silence I could, to the more open part of the wood. As I did so, I could hear shouts coming and going between the old pirate and his companions, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the bushes I ran as I never ran before, scarcely caring about my direction, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of madness.

When the gun was fired, how could I go back to the boats among those devils, their hands still red with murder. The first of them would cut my throat. It was all over, I thought. Good-bye to the *Hispaniola*; good-bye to Mr. Trelawney, the doctor and the captain. There was nothing left to me but death by hunger, or death at the hands of those men.

As I ran I had drawn near to the little hill with the double top.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill.

Fifteen

THE MAN OF THE ISLAND

FROM the side of the hill, which was here very steep, a number of small stones were loosened, and came rolling and jumping through the trees. My eyes turned in that direction, and I saw a figure leap very rapidly behind the trunk of a tree. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no way tell. It seemed dark and hairy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new thing brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off from both sides, behind me the murderers, before me this *something* waiting in hiding. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible than this creature of the woods. I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to go in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure appeared again. It made a wide circle and began to try to get in front of me. I was tired; but, had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was useless for me to escape from this enemy by speed. From trunk to trunk the creature went like a deer. It ran man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, bending almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was—I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to call to mind what I had heard of wild men; and I was just thinking of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, gave me greater hope and courage, and my fear of Silver began to return to me. I stood still, therefore, and tried to think of some

way of escape. Then I remembered that I was carrying a pistol, and so was able to defend myself; and with that thought my courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face in the direction of this man of the island, and walked quickly towards him.

He was concealed by this time behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction, he appeared and took a step to meet me. Then he paused, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my great surprise, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands as if praying for mercy.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded rough and strange, as a thing long unused. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoken with a human creature these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his face was even pleasing. His skin was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite surprising in so dark a face. Of all the ragged men I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed in pieces of sail-cloth held together in the strangest and most varied ways, by bits of string, pieces of stick, and such things.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"No," said he, "I was *marooned*."

I had heard that this terrible punishment of "*marooning*" was common enough among the pirates. The unfortunate man would be put on shore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desert and distant island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and I've lived on goats since then, and forest fruits and shell-fish. 'Wherever a man is,' said I, 'a man can provide for himself.' But, my heart is sick with desire for proper food. You don't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese, and woken up again—and here I was."

"If ever I can get on board again," said I, "you shall have pounds and pounds of cheese."

All this time he had been feeling the cloth of my coat, stroking my hands, looking at my shoes, and generally showing a childlike pleasure in the presence of a fellow-creature. But at my last words he seemed to be a little frightened.

"If ever you can get on board again?" he repeated.
"Why now, who's to prevent you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And you are right," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, seeming quite pleased. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived so rough that you'd be ashamed to hear of it. Now, for example, you wouldn't think that my mother was a good churchwoman—would you—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why no, perhaps I wouldn't," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but she was—she was indeed—a very good and holy woman. And I was a good boy, and could say off my prayers so fast that you couldn't tell one from another. And here's what it has come to, Jim, and it began with throwing 'heads or tails' with half-pennies in the street! That's what it began with; but it went further than that; and so my mother told me, and said just how it would be, she did, the good woman. But it was God's will that put me here. I've thought it all out alone in this island, and I'm going back to a good and holy life. You won't catch me tasting rum so much; just a tiny glassful for good fortune, of course, the first chance I have. I've promised myself that I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim"—looking all around him, and speaking in a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone mad from being so much alone, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the words angrily:

"Rich! rich! I say. And I'll tell you what: I'll make

a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, that you were the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a shadow over his face, and he tightened his hold upon my hand, and raised a finger before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true: that isn't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy thought. I began to believe that I had found a helper, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you asked me—there are some of Flint's men on board; and that's bad for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he whispered.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" said he; "that was his name."

"He's the cook; and their leader, too."

He was still holding me by the hand, and at that he clasped it so tight that I almost cried out.

"If you have been sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as dead, and I know it."

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of an answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the danger in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he put his hand on my head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said, "and you're all in a tight place, aren't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn; Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it probable, now, that Mr. Trelawney would be generous to anyone who helped him—seeing that he is in such a nasty corner?"

I told him that Mr. Trelawney was the most generous of men.

"Yes, but you see," replied Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean making me a gate-keeper in the park, or giving me a place as a servant; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, do you think he would pay me as much as—say—one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as my own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all the men were to share."

"And the trip home?" he added, with a sharp look.

"Why," I cried, "Mr. Trelawney is a gentleman. And, beside that, if we have not got the others, then we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed easier in his mind.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I was in Flint's ship when he hid the treasure; he and six others—six strong seamen. They were on shore nearly a week, and all the rest of us remained on board the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the flag, and here came Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue handkerchief. The sun was getting up, and terribly white he looked about the face. But there he was, you see, and the six all dead—dead and laid under ground. How he had done it, not a man on board could guess. It was battle, murder, and sudden death—him against six. Billy Bones was his officer, Long John, he was in charge of stores; and they asked Flint where the treasure was. 'Ah,' said he, 'you can go on shore, if you like, and stay,' he said; 'but as for the ship, she is going in search of more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we caught sight of this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure, let's land and find it.' The captain was displeased at that; but my companions were all agreed and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all of 'em went on board. 'As for you, Benjamin,' said they, 'here's a gun,' they said, 'and an axe. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they said.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bit of proper food from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a common seaman? No, say you. Nor was I, neither, I say."

And with that he nodded and took hold of my arm.

"Just you mention those words to Mr. Trelawney, Jim," he went on: "'Nor was he, neither'—that's the words. For three years he was the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, perhaps, think of a prayer, and sometimes he would, perhaps, think of his old mother, if she's alive; but the greater part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say to Mr. Trelawney)—'*The most part of his time was taken up with another matter.*' And then you'll give him a nod, like I do."

And he nodded at me again in the most secret manner.

"Then," he continued, "then you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a great deal more trust in a gentleman born than in these gentlemen of fortune, having been one himself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that doesn't matter; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the difficulty, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the White Rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, there rolled over the silent island the thunder of the ship's gun.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run towards the bay, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goat-skins moved easily and lightly.

"Left, left," said he; "keep to your left hand, Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all up above in those mountains for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the graveyard. You see the graves? I came here and prayed, now and then, when I thought that perhaps it might be Sunday. It wasn't quite a church, but it seemed more solemn."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The sound of the ship's gun was followed, after some time, by a number of shots from the small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the English flag flying above a wood.

Sixteen

THE STORY CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: HOW THE SHIP WAS DESERTED

It was about half-past one when the two boats went on shore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, Trelawney, and I were talking matters over, below. Had there been a breath of wind we should have fallen on the six pirates who were left on the ship with us, and gone out to sea. But there was no wind; and to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone on shore with the rest.

The thought never entered our minds to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an equal chance if we would see the lad again. We ran up above. It was very hot; the foul smell of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled illness and disease, it was in that evil bay. The six fellows were sitting talking under a sail; on the shore we could see the boats tied up, and a man sitting in each, near the mouth of the river. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a great trial; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go on shore with the boat in search of news.

The boats had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I rowed straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the

map. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed surprised at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped, and I could see the pair asking each other what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and go back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I rowed so as to put it between us; even before we landed, we had thus lost sight of the boats. I jumped out, and came as near running as I dared, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness, and a couple of pistols ready loaded.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was: a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a little hill. Well, on the hill, and encircling the spring, they had put a strong log-house, fit to hold forty people at the most, with holes for guns on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a fence six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labour, and too open to shelter the attackers. The people in the log-house were very well placed; they might stand in shelter and shoot the others like rabbits. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, unless they were completely surprised, they might hold the place against an army.

What particularly pleased me was the spring. For, though we were quite comfortable in the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and gunpowder and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing forgotten—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to sudden death. I had served at the battle of Fontenoy, and got a wound there—but I know my heart beat quickly. "Jim Hawkins is gone!" was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to waste in

our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and returned to the shore, and jumped into the boat.

By good fortune Hunter rowed well. We made the water fly; and I was soon on board the ship.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. Mr. Trelawney was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, and one of the six men was little better.

"There's a man," says Captain Smollett, nodding towards him, "new to this work. He very nearly fainted, doctor, when he heard the cry. It would take very little to make that man join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled exactly how to carry it out.

We put old Redruth at the foot of the stairs, with three or four loaded guns. Hunter brought the boat round, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder-tins, guns, bags of food, a barrel of wine, and those things which I use as doctor. Trelawney and the captain stayed up above, and the captain called Israel Hands, who was the chief man on board.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a couple of pistols each. If any one of you six make a sign of any kind, that man's dead."

They were a good deal surprised; and, after a little talking together, one and all rushed down the steps, thinking, no doubt, to take us in the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them there, they turned round at once, and a head came out again at the top of the stairs.

"Down, dog!" cried the captain.

And the head went back again suddenly; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, throwing things in as they came, we had the boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got into it, and we made for shore again, as fast as we could row.

This second trip alarmed the watchers along the shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them dis-

appeared. I half thought of changing my plan and destroying their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close by, and all might be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to work to carry our things into the log-house inside the stockade. All three made the first journey heavily loaded, and threw our stores over the fence. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen guns—Hunter and I returned to the boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath. Then the two servants took their places in the stockade, and I, with all my power, rowed back to the *Hispaniola*.

That we should have risked a second boat-load seems more daring than it really was. They had the greater number of men, of course, but we had more guns. Not one of the men on shore had a gun, and we thought that we should be able to shoot down half a dozen of them at least before they could get within range for pistol shooting.

Trelawney was waiting for me on board the ship, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the rope and tied it up, and we fell to loading the boat with all haste. We took a lot of meat and bread, and a gun and a sword each for Trelawney, myself and Redruth. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped over the side into the sea; we could see them shining far below us on the clean, sandy bottom.

Redruth left his place at the stairs and dropped into the boat. Then Captain Smollett prepared to leave the ship.

"Now, men," said he to the pirates, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," continued Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my

watch here in my hand; I give you half a minute to join me."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't delay. I'm risking my life and the lives of these good gentlemen every moment."

There was a sudden rush, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped into the boat, and we had pushed off.

Seventeen

THE STORY CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: THE BOAT'S LAST TRIP

THIS fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little boat that we were in was far too heavily loaded. Five grown men were already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, meat and bread-bags. The water was almost level with the edge of the boat; several times it came over, and my clothes were wet through before we had gone a hundred yards.

There was a very strong flow running westward, so that we were carried out of our course. If we let the boat go as she wished, we should come to the shore just near the ship's boats, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head towards the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. "The stream keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"If I pull harder the boat will go under," said he. "You must do the best you can."

"We'll never get to land in this way," said I.

"If we go on as we are going, we shall get into easier water, and then we can make our way back along the edge of the shore."

"I think it is easier already," said the man Gray.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I; "but they could never get the gun on shore, and, even if they did, they could never drag it through the woods."

"Look behind you, doctor," replied the captain.

There, to our surprise and terror, were the five men busy with the gun, getting off its cover. Not only that, but I suddenly remembered that the shot and powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an axe would put this in the power of the devils on board.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray in a whisper.

At any risk, we must put the boat's head straight for the landing-place. We were now out of the stream and could keep our direction. But the worst of it was that we were now broad-ways on to the *Hispaniola*, so that they could hardly miss us if they fired.

I could hear Israel Hands putting the heavy iron shots down beside the gun.

"Which of us here can shoot best?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney is by far the best," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick off one of those men for me, sir? Hands, if possible."

Trelawney was as cool as ice. He looked to his gun. He raised it. We stopped rowing and leant over the other side of the boat to keep it steady when he fired.

They had now swung the gun round in order to load it. Hands was at the front of it, putting in the powder, and so was most open to our fire. However, we were unfortunate, for just as Trelawney fired, down he bent, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry of the wounded man was repeated, not only by

his companions on the ship, but by a great number of voices from the shore, looking in that direction I saw the other pirates running out from among the trees and getting into their places in the boats.

"Here come the boats, sir," said I.

"Then," said the captain, "we must row our hardest, and no matter if the boat sinks under us. If we can't get on shore, we are done for."

"Only one of the boats is coming, sir," I added; "the crew of the other are probably going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," said the captain. "But it's not them I fear; it's the round-shot. They can't miss us. Tell us, Mr. Trelawney, when you see them ready to fire, and we'll stop the boat suddenly."

We were now only thirty yards from the beach. "If I dared," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant that nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen companion, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to drag himself away.

"Ready!" cried Trelawney.

"Hold!" cried the captain.

And he and Redruth pushed the boat backward, so that she seemed to leap almost out of the water. The sound of the gun reached us at the same instant. (This was the first shot which Jim heard, for the sound of Mr. Trelawney's gun did not reach him.) Where the ball passed, not one of us exactly knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have caused our ruin.

The boat sank, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three went in head first, and came up again wet and breathless.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could get to the shore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two



THE BOAT SANK IN THREE FEET OF WATER

guns out of five remained in a state fit for use. Mine I had held over my head. The captain had carried his over his shoulder. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our troubles, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along the shore. We were in danger of being cut off from the stockade. Added to this was the fear that, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen men, they might not stand firm.

With all this in our minds we hurried on shore leaving behind us the boat with half of our powder and food.

Eighteen

THE STORY CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING

We made our best speed across the narrow wood that now divided us from the stockade; and at every step the voices of the pirates rang nearer. Soon we could hear their feet as they ran, and the cracking of the branches.

I began to see we should have a fight for it, and looked to my gun.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the best shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

The captain did so. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my sword. It did all our hearts good to see him try its weight and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new man was well worth his place.

Forty yards farther on we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We came to it at about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time, seven of the enemy—Job Anderson at their head—appeared at the south-western corner.

They paused, as if surprised; and before they recovered,

Trelawney and I, and Hunter and Joyce from the stockade, had time to fire. The four shots did the business. One of the enemy fell, and the rest turned and rushed back into the trees.

After loading again, we walked down the outside of the stockade to see the fallen enemy. He was dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth fell his length on the ground. Both Trelawney and I returned the shot; but, as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable that we only wasted powder. Then we loaded, and turned to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him; and I saw at once that he was done for.

Our shots had driven away the enemy for a time. We carried poor Tom inside the stockade. Trelawney dropped down beside him on his knees, and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

“Am I going, doctor?” he asked.

“Tom, my man,” said I, “you’re going home.”

“I wish I had had a shot at them with the gun first,” he replied.

“Tom,” said Trelawney, “say you forgive me, won’t you?”

“Would that be respectful, from me to you, sir?” was the answer. “But so be it, *Amen*.”

After a short silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. “It’s the custom, sir,” he added. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

During this time the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully large about the pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the English flag, a Bible, some rope, a pen and other things. He set up a long pole and fixed the flag to it. This seemed to make his mind much easier. He went into the log-house and began to count the stores. When Tom died, he came forward with another flag and spread it over his body.

"Do not grieve, sir," he said, shaking Trelawney's hand.
"How can a man die better than doing his duty?"

Then he pulled me to one side.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and Mr. Trelawney expect the other ship?"

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that, if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later.

"Why, then," returned the captain, "I should say that our condition was very dangerous."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But our stores are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're, perhaps, as well without that other mouth."

And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and fell far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial, the aim was better, and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage.

"Captain," said Mr. Trelawney, "the house cannot be seen from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it down?"

"Lower my flag!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I"; and, as soon as he had said the words, I think we all agreed with him.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand outside the house; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead in the soft sand.

"There is one thing good about all this," said the captain: "the wood in front of us is probably clear of enemies. The sea has gone down a lot by now, and our

stores should be uncovered. Who will offer to go and bring them in?"

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they crept out of the stockade; but it proved useless. The enemy were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's aim with the gun. For four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores, and every man of them was now provided with a gun from some secret store of their own.

The captain sat down to write, and here is the beginning of his note:

"Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants; being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for no more than ten days—these came on shore this day, and flew English flag on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, shot by the enemy; James Hawkins, boy—"

And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins' fate.

A shout on the land side.

"Somebody calling us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! Captain! Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins come climbing over the stockade.

Nineteen

THE STORY TAKEN UP AGAIN BY JIM HAWKINS: IN THE STOCKADE

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the flag, he stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

“Now,” said he, “there’s your friends, sure enough.”

“Far more probable that it’s the enemy,” I answered.

“No,” he cried, “Silver would never put up the English flag. There has been a fight, and your friends have had the best of it and they are inside the stockade that Flint built years and years ago.”

“Well,” said I, “that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends.”

“I won’t go there,” said Gunn, “no—not till I’ve seen your gentleman and got his solemn promise. But when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him to-day. And whoever comes is to have a white thing in his hand, and he’s to come alone.”

“Well,” said I, “I believe I understand. You wish to see Mr. Trelawney or the doctor; and you’re to be found where I found you. Is that all?”

“And when?” he added. “Why, from about noon to about sunset.”

“Good,” said I, “and now may I go?”

“You won’t forget?” he inquired anxiously. “And if these pirates camp on shore, their wives may be sorry for ‘em in the morning.”

Just at that moment there came the sound of the ship’s gun, and a round-shot came tearing through the trees and struck the sand not a hundred yards from where we were standing. At the next moment each of us had run off in a different direction.

For a full hour the gun continued firing, and I thought

it unsafe to go near the stockade. At last it ceased and I made my way round to the rear, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of rough trunks of trees. It stood on a small sandy hill in the midst of the courtyard encircled by the stockade. Near its door was a spring of clear water. Inside it was a large flat stone and an iron basket to hold a fire.

The cold evening wind whistled through every crack of the building, and scattered the floor with a rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest filled the house and got into our throats and into our eyes.

Add to this that Gray had his face tied up; and that poor old Tom Redruth lay along the wall, stiff and cold.

If we had been allowed to do nothing, we should all have fallen into despair, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. He divided us into groups, or "watches." The doctor, and Gray, and I for one; Mr. Trelawney, Hunter and Joyce for the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were sent to prepare a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put on guard at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and giving help wherever it was wanted.

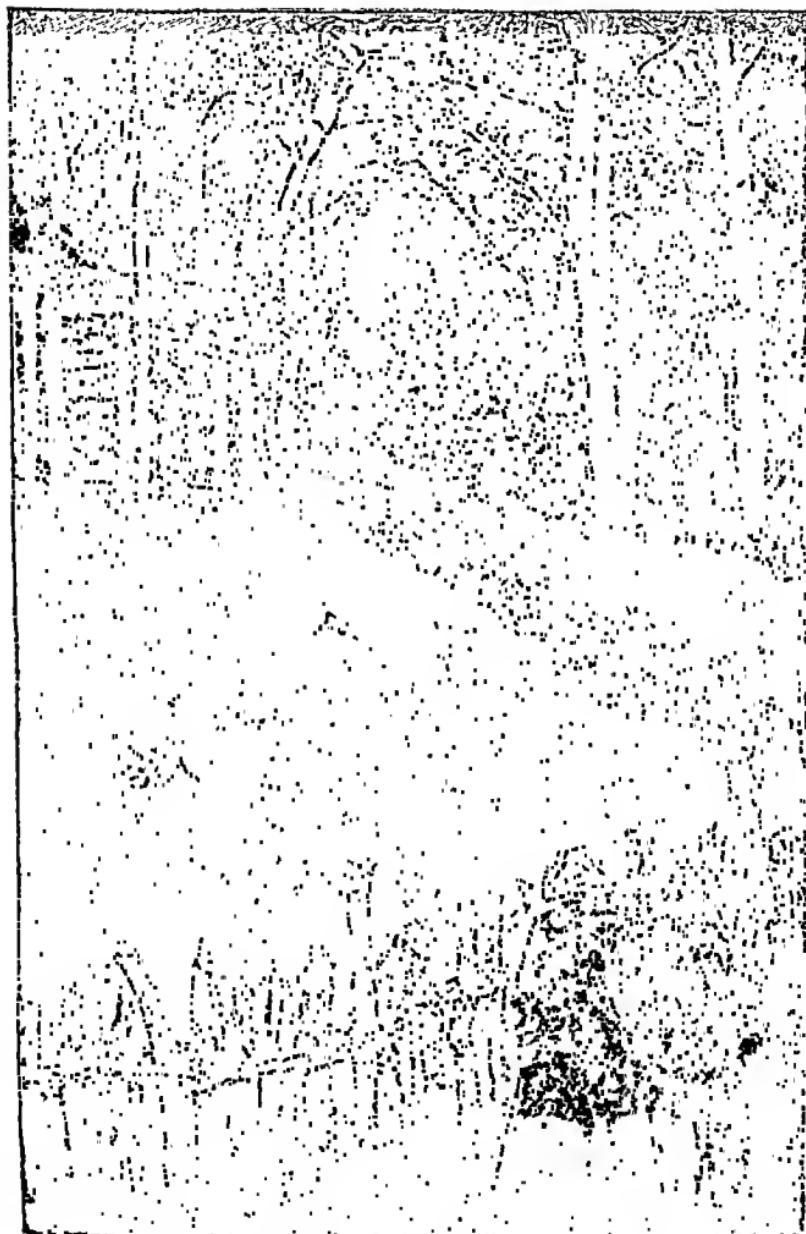
From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that, it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for a time. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn mad?" he asked.

"I do not know," said I. "I rather think that he is mad."



“A WHITE FLAG! —SILVER HIMSELF.”

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I expect he is—after being three years alone on a desert island. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," said he, "just see the good that comes of being interested in one's food. You know that little box that I carry in my pocket? But do you know what is in it? Parmesan cheese, a very strong cheese made in Italy. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we laid old Tom in the grave, and stood round him for a while bare-headed. Then, after supper, the three chiefs got together in a corner to consider what was to be done.

It appeared that they were very anxious because we had so few stores, fearing that we must yield from mere hunger long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the pirates until they either yielded or ran away with the *Hispaniola*. From nineteen they had already become fifteen, two others were wounded, and one at least—the man shot beside the gun—seriously wounded, if he were not dead. And, besides that, we had two able helpers—rum and the heat of the weather.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away; we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor said that, camped where they were in the low land, half of them would be lying ill on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be glad to get back in the ship."

"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was very tired, and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened next morning by a sound of voices.

"A white flag!" I heard someone say. "—Silver himself."

I jumped up and ran to look out through a hole in the wall.

Twenty

SILVER'S MESSAGE

SURE enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing calmly by.

"Keep inside the hut, men," said the captain. "This is probably a trick."

Then, "Who goes? Stand or we fire," he shouted.

"White flag o' peace," cried Silver.

The captain turned and spoke to us:

"Dr. Livesey, watch the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. All load your guns. Quickly, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the enemy.

"And what do you want with your white flag?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "'Cap'n,' is it? My heart, 'Captain'!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me captain, after you deserted the ship, sir"—laying a particular weight upon the word "deserted." "We're willing to yield, if we can come to terms. All I ask is your word, Captain Smollett, to let me safe and unharmed out of this stockade, and one minute to get out of range before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any dirty trick, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, Cap'n," shouted Long John cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman."

We could see the man who carried the flag attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how rough had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his stick, and after several attempts he succeeded in climbing over and dropping safely to the other side.

I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as watcher; indeed, I had already deserted my place on the east, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself in the doorway, with his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it rose out of the spring in the sand. He was whistling to himself.

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the hill because of the steepness of the slope and the soft sand. At last he arrived before the captain. He had a huge blue coat on, hanging as low as his knees, and a fine hat set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You aren't going to let me inside, Cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a cold morning, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your kitchen. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated generously—or 'Cap'n' Silver, a common pirate, and then you can go to the devil!"

"Well, well, Cap'n," replied the sea-cook, sitting down as he was told on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, my respects to you. Why, there you are together like a happy family."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you are, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Duty is duty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good piece of work of yours last night, it was; and I won't say that some of my men weren't frightened; perhaps I was myself. Perhaps that's why I'm here for terms. But listen to me, Cap'n, you won't do it twice, by thunder. We'll have to keep better watch and drink a bit less rum. You think I was drunk—but I wasn't. I was tired out, and if I'd woken a half a minute sooner, I'd have caught you in the act. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was meaningless to him, but you would never have guessed it from his voice. As for me, I began to have an idea. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the pirates a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I guessed that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I guess. You have a map, haven't you?"

"That may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have; I know that," said Long John. "You needn't be so rude to a man; it doesn't help you, not one bit. What I mean is, we want your map. Now, I never meant you harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," answered the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray——" Silver broke out angrily.

"Stop!" cried the captain. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing."

"Well," said Silver, growing cool again, "perhaps that's so. There's no knowing what a gentleman may consider

right or wrong. And seeing that you are smoking a pipe, I'll make free to do the same."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a long time. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," continued Silver, "here it is. You give us the map to get the treasure by, and stop shooting poor seamen and breaking their heads while they're asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come on board and I'll give you my promise to leave you somewhere safe on shore. Or you can stay here, and we'll divide stores with you; and I'll promise to send the first ship I see, to pick you up."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out his pipe in his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but gun-shots."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll promise to take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't—my name is Alexander Smollett, I'm serving under the English flag, and I'll see you all dead here on this island. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us. Gray, there, got away from five of you. You're in a very nasty corner, Mr. Silver, and so you'll find. And these are the last good words you'll get from me. Next time I see you I'll shoot. March, my lad. Get out of this, please, double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes blazed with anger. He shook out his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," replied the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Murmuring the foulest curses, he crept along the sand till he got hold of the wall and could lift himself up again on his stick.

"Before an hour's out, I'll break in your old log-house like a rum-bottle. Laugh!" he cried, "by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Those that die'll be the fortunate ones."

And with a dreadful curse he went off, was helped across the stockade by the man with the white flag, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

Twenty-one

THE ATTACK

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned towards the inside of the house, and found not a man of us at his place but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"To your places!" he roared. And then, as we all crept back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put a note to your name; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had served as a soldier!"

The doctor's "watch" were all back at their places; the rest were busy loading the guns, and everyone with a red face, you may be certain.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," said he, "I've given Silver more than he expected. I made it red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be attacked. They have greater numbers, but we fight in shelter. I've no doubt that we can beat them, if you choose."

Then he went round the place, and saw, as he said, that all was in order.

The guns, powder and shot were all laid ready. The fire was put out lest the smoke might get in our eyes. I was

taken effect. In a moment, the four pirates had climbed up the hill and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson appeared at the middle window in our wall.

"At 'em, all together!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate seized Hunter's gun by the barrel, tore it from his hands, pulled it through the hole and, with one terrible blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his sword on the doctor.

Things were now completely changed about. A moment ago we were firing, under cover, at an enemy in the open; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our safety. Cries and noise, the flashes and *bangs* of pistol shots, and one loud moan, rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out and fight 'em in the open! Swords!" cried the captain.

I seized a sword, and someone, at the same time taking another, gave me a cut across the hand which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Someone was close behind, I knew not who. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his foe down the hill. Just as my eyes fell upon him, the doctor beat down his guard, and sent him on his back, with a great cut across the face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the excitement I observed a change in his voice.

I obeyed, turned eastwards, and, with my sword raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his blade went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung over me, leaped to one side. My foot slipped in the soft sand, and I rolled down the slope.

When I had first run out from the door, the other pirates



I ROLLED DOWN THE SLOPE

had been already climbing up the stockade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night-cap, with his knife in his mouth, had even got up on the top and thrown a leg across. When I found my feet again, the fellow with the red night-cap was still half-way over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down Anderson ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay wounded, the pistol still smoking in his hand. The doctor had dealt with a third. Of the four who had climbed the stockade, one only remained unwounded, and he, having left his sword on the field, was now climbing out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were not obeyed, no shot was fired, and the last attacker made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. Nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the stockade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The enemy would soon be back where they had left their guns, and at any moment the fire might begin again.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay senseless from a blow on the head; Joyce lay at his post shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the centre Mr. Trelawney was supporting the captain.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could," replied the doctor; "but there are five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. They have lost five, and we only three. That leaves us four against eight."

Twenty-two

BEN GUNN'S BOAT

THE pirates did not return; they had had enough punishment for one day.

Hunter lived only for a few hours. The captain's wound was serious, but not dangerous; for some weeks to come he would not be able to move his arm.

After dinner Mr. Trelawney and the doctor sat by the captain's side. They talked until a little past noon; then the doctor took up his hat and pistols, put the map in his pocket and, with a gun over his shoulder, crossed the stockade on the north side, and set off quickly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the log-house; Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and forgot to put it back again, so thunder-struck he was at this event.

"Why! In the name of heaven," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," said I. "He's about the last of this crew for that."

"Well," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if *he's* not, *I* am."

"I think," replied I, "that the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later. But at the moment the house was hot; the sand was blazing in the midday sun, and I began to think how fortunate the doctor was, walking in the cool shadows of the woods.

As I should not be allowed to leave the stockade, I decided to slip out without being seen. I approached the bread-bag: no one was observing me; I filled both my pockets. I also took a couple of pistols and powder for them.

My idea was not a bad one. It was to go down to the

white rock which I had observed last evening and to see whether Ben Gunn had hidden his boat there.

Mr. Trelawney and Gray were now attending to the captain's wound. I climbed quickly over the stockade and ran into the nearest group of trees. I made my way through the wood, and soon cool breaths of sea air began to reach me; and, after a few steps farther, I came out on the shore.

It was now late in the afternoon; I saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon and the white waves breaking on the beach.

I walked along the shore with great enjoyment till I thought that I had now gone far enough to the south. I then went in among some thick bushes, and crept carefully up to the top of the cape.

I could see the *Hispaniola* lying in the calm water behind the little island, every line of it pictured in the clear sea beneath. Near it lay one of the boats, with Silver in it. Two men were leaning over the side of the ship talking to him, one of them the fellow with a red cap whom I had seen some hours before on the top of the stockade.

Soon after the boat moved off and pulled for the shore, and the man with the red cap and his companion went below.

The sun went down behind the Spy-glass; and, as the mist was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock could be seen clearly enough above the bushes, but it took me a long time to reach it, creeping through them. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was a small grassy hollow, and in the centre of it was a little tent made of the goat-skins.

I climbed down into the hollow and lifted the side of the tent—and there was Ben Gunn's boat, a rough thing made of wood and goat-skins. It was very small, even for me, and I could hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I would have gone back to the stockade; but I had

taken another idea. This was to slip out under cover of night, cut the *Hispaniola* free, and let her be carried on shore by the wind and waves wherever she might happen to go. I felt sure that, after our victory of the morning, the pirates were very eager to get on the ship and sail away; it would be a fine thing to prevent this. And, since they had left no boat for the men who were on board, it seemed that it might be done with little risk.

I sat down to wait for darkness, and made a good meal of bread. It was an excellent night for my purpose. The sky was clouded over. As the last beams of daylight disappeared, thick blackness settled down upon Treasure Island. I put Ben Gunn's boat on my shoulder and felt my way out of the hollow.

As I looked round, there were only two points that could be seen in the circle of blackness. One was the great fire on shore by which the pirates sat drinking and singing, and the other, a faint misty light, was the ship.

I found my way down the wet sand to the water's edge and set the boat in the sea.

Twenty-three

WIND AND STREAM

BEN GUNN's boat was safe enough for a person of my size, but she was the most peculiar and ill-tempered thing to control. Do as you pleased, she always travelled side-ways, and turning round and round was the thing she was best at. I am sure that I should never have reached the ship, had not wind and water carried me there.

At last the ship stood up before me like a mass of some-

thing blacker than darkness. Then she began to take shape, and the next moment I laid my hand on the rope which held her.

The outflowing water was dragging at the ship and the rope was stretched tight. One cut with my knife and the *Hispaniola* would go rushing out to sea.

So far so good; but it next came to my memory that to cut a rope when it is stretched tight is very dangerous: Very probably, if I cut the *Hispaniola* free, the loose end of the rope would knock me and my boat clean out of the water. Just while I was thinking this, there came a light breath of wind forcing the *Hispaniola* up into the stream; and to my great joy, I felt the rope grow loose under my hand.

With that I made up my mind: I took out my knife, opened it with my teeth, and cut almost through the rope. Then I lay quiet, waiting to cut the rest when the pull should be once more lessened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from within the ship; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to attend to them.

One I recognized as Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse for drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the window and threw out something, which I guessed to be an empty bottle. But they were not only drunken; it was plain that they were very angry. I heard loud curses; and every now and then there came forth such a burst of anger as, I thought, was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices murmured lower for a time, until the next outbreak came; and that, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp-fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing, a long, wearying old sailor's song. I had heard

it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

"But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

At last the wind came; the ship drew nearer in the dark; I felt the rope become loose, and, with one good stroke, cut it through.

I was almost instantly driven against the side of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the ship began to turn upon her heel, moving slowly round across the stream.

I worked like a devil, for I expected every moment to go under. Finding that I could not push my boat directly off the ship's side, I pushed back so that the ship might leave me behind. At last I was clear of my dangerous neighbour, and, just as I gave a last push, my hands came across a light rope hanging over the end of the ship. Instantly I seized it.

Why I did so, I can hardly say; but once I had it in my hands, I determined to have one look into the ship through the window just above me. I pulled in the rope hand over hand. When I judged myself near enough I stood up in my boat (at great risk) to half my height, and was able to see the roof and part of the inside of the room.

By this time the ship and her little companion were moving swiftly through the water: indeed we had already come level with the camp-fire. The little waves were "talking" round her sides, and until I got my eyes above the edge of the window, I could not understand why the watchmen had taken no alarm. But one look was enough, and was all that I dared take, standing in that unsteady boat. It showed me Hands and his companion fighting to the death, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped down into the boat again, none too soon, for I nearly went over into the water. I could see nothing for the moment but those two red angry faces swinging together under the smoky lamp, and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless song had come to an end at last, and the whole company about the camp-fire had broken into the words I had heard so often:

“ Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! ”

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden movement of the boat. At the same moment she leant over sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed had also strangely increased.

I looked over my shoulder, and my heart jumped. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp-fire. The stream had turned sharply, carrying round with it the tall ship and the little dancing boat; ever quickening, ever murmuring louder, it went swiftly onward to the open sea.

Almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board. I heard the sound of hurrying feet, and I knew that the two men had ceased their quarrel and had understood what had happened.

I lay down flat in the bottom of the boat and prayed to God for my soul. When we reached the open sea I was sure we should fall into rough water; there all my troubles would be ended speedily. I could bear to die, but I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

Thus I lay for hours, never ceasing to expect death at the next moment. Then at last weariness grew upon me, and sleep fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors, and I lay in my boat and dreamed of home and the old “ Benbow ” Inn.

Twenty-four

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOAT

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hidden from me behind the great mass of Spy-glass hill, which on this side descended almost to the sea in steep cliffs.

Haulbowline Head¹ and Mizzenmast Hill¹ were close; the hill bare and dark, the head outstanding with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and edged with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarcely a quarter of a mile out to sea, and it was my first thought to row in to the land.

That idea was soon given up. The waves roared among the fallen rocks, and I saw that, if I dared to go nearer, I should be dashed to death upon the rough shore, or waste my strength trying to climb those cliffs.

Nor was that all; for, creeping over the flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with a loud "*plop*," were foul sea creatures, fifty or sixty of them. I have understood since that they were "*sea-lions*," and entirely harmless; but the sight of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the great waves, was more than enough to make me dislike that landing-place.

The ship would, I knew, be carried to the north, and I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and keep my strength for an attempt to land upon the Cape of the Woods.

The wind was blowing from behind me, and the waves rose and fell unbroken. I tried sitting up in the boat to row, but this made it too unsteady: the boat ran down a

¹ See map, page 33.

steep slope of water and struck her nose in the next wave, and I was almost lost.

"Well, now," thought I, "it is clear that I must lie down so as to keep the boat steady, but I can give her a push or two in the smooth places." No sooner thought upon than done. I lay down flat, and every now and again gave a weak stroke to turn the boat's head to the shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did gain some distance. As we drew near the Cape of the Woods, I saw that I must miss that point. But I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops moving in the wind, and I felt sure I should reach the next cape without fail.

It was indeed time, for I suffered terrible thirst. The glow of the sun from above, the glimmer of it from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, whitening my lips with salt—all these made my throat and my head burn. The sight of the trees so near made me sick with desire. But I was carried past the cape; and as the next bay opened out, I beheld a sight which changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so thirsty that I scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had decided, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but gaze and wonder.

When I first caught sight of the *Hispaniola*, her sails were full and she was running on a course to the north-west, and I thought that the men were sailing the ship back to where she had come from. But soon she began to turn more and more towards the west; so I thought they had seen me and were going to give chase. Then, at last, she turned face to face with the wind and lay there helpless.

"Fools," said I; "they must still be drunk." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have dealt with them.

Then the vessel turned again and sailed off in another direction. This way and that, up and down, north, south, east, west, the *Hispaniola* sailed, and each time ended as she



RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME I BEHELD THE *Hispaniola*

had begun, head on to the wind, with empty sails. It became plain to me that no one was guiding her. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were drunk, or they had deserted her, I thought; and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

Up I got, and set myself, with all my strength and care, to row after the *Hispaniola*. Once I took in such a quantity of water that I had to stop and throw it out; but in time I got more used to the work and guided my boat among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her side and a dash of water in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the ship; and still no one appeared on her. I could only suppose that she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might shut them in perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she continued to run away from me. But at last I had my chance. The wind fell, for a few moments, very low; and the *Hispaniola* turned slowly round. The rear of the ship came towards me, with the window still open, and the lamp still burning on in the daylight.

I drew nearer, and was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again. The sails filled and off she went. Then round she came yet again, sideways on to me; then round again till she had covered half to three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white beneath her. Hugely tall she looked to me from my low station in the boat.

And then, of a sudden, I began to understand. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the top of one wave when the ship came leaping over the next. It towered over my head. I sprang up, pushing the boat under water with my feet. I seized one of the ship's ropes and found a place for my feet. And, as I still hung there breathless, the sound of a blow told me that the ship had charged down upon and struck the boat, and I was left upon the *Hispaniola*—without a hope of escape.

Twenty-five

I PULL DOWN THE FLAG

I CLIMBED up and got on board. There were the two watchmen sure enough: Red-cap on his back, with his arms stretched out, and his teeth showing between his open lips; Israel Hands leant against the side, his head on his breast, his hands lying open before him, his face as white as a candle.

At every jump of the ship Red-cap swung this way and that, but still with outstretched arms and the fixed smile, showing his teeth—a terrible sight. At every jump too Hands seemed to sink into himself, and settle down lower and lower; and at last I could see nothing except his ear.

At the same time, I observed, around both of them, marks of dark blood upon the boards, and I began to feel sure that they had killed each other.

While I was thus looking and wondering, Israel Hands turned round, and, with a low moan, worked himself back to the shape in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and fearful weakness, and the way in which his mouth hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had heard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

"I've come on board, Mr. Hands," I said.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "Rum."

I saw that there was no time to lose; and I went quickly below.

The room was such a scene of ruin as you can hardly fancy. All the locked places had been broken open in search of the map. The floor was thick with dirt. The white painted walls bore the marks of dirty hands. As the ship

rolled, dozens of empty bottles knocked together in the corners. One of the doctor's books lay open on the table, with half of the pages torn out—I suppose, for pipe-lights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow.

I found a bottle with some rum left, for Hands; and for myself I got out some bread, some fruit, and a piece of cheese. I brought these up with me. Then I went to the water-barrel and had a good drink; and then at last I gave Hands the rum.

He must have drunk a good quarter of it before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Yes," said he, "by thunder, I wanted some o' that."

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He barked like a dog.

"If that doctor was on board," he said, "I'd be right soon enough; but I'm unfortunate, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that fellow he's good and dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "And where might you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come on board to take charge of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further orders."

He looked at me angrily enough, but said nothing. Some of the colour had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship jumped about.

"Mr. Hands," I continued, "I can't have that pirate flag up there; and, if you allow me, I'll take it down."

I then pulled down the pirate's black flag, and threw it over the side.

"God save the King!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly, his head on his breast.

"I suppose," he said at last, "I suppose, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll want to get on shore now. Suppose we talk."

"Why yes," said I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal.

"This man," he began, nodding weakly at the dead body—"O'Brien was his name—a foul Irisher—this man and me got the sail on her meaning to sail her back. Well, he's dead now, he is; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Unless I tell you how to do it, you can't sail her, as far as I can tell. Now, look here, if you give me food and drink, and an old handkerchief to tie my wound up, I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about fair and square, isn't it?"

"I'll tell you one thing," said I: "I'm not going back to the old place. I mean to get into North Bay, and put her on the beach there."

"To be sure you do," he cried. "Why, I'm not such a fool, after all. I can see, can't I? I've had my chance, I have, and I've lost; and now you've got yours. North Bay? Why, I haven't no choice, not I! I'd help you sail her to the devil, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We made our bargain immediately. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and reaching North Bay before high water, when we might beach her safely.

Then I went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great wound he had received in the leg, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the rum, he began to look better, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

I was greatly pleased with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my fears as to what the others would say of my deserting the stockade were quieted by the great success I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of Hands as

they followed me about, seeming to laugh at me, and the odd smile that appeared on his face, as he watched and watched me at my work.

Twenty-six

ISRAEL HANDS

THE water was still too high to allow us to beach the ship. We sat in silence over another meal.

"Cap'n," said Hands at last, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's my old friend, O'Brien; suppose you were to throw him over the side. I don't trouble myself about such things as a rule, and I don't take any blame for settling him; but I don't think he looks very pretty there, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the task; and there he lies, so far as I'm concerned," said I.

"This ship is a bad ship for seamen—this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on. "There's a lot o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and I got on board at Bristol. There was this here O'Brien, now—he's dead, isn't he? Well, now, I've never been to school, and, to put it straight, do you think that a dead man is dead for good, or does he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and perhaps he's watching us."

"Ah!" said he. "Well, that's unfortunate. It appears as if killing people was a waste of time. And yet, spirits don't matter much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the spirits, Jim. And now, you've spoken up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down below and get me a—well, a—curse me! I can't hit the name of it; well, you get

me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here rum's too strong for my head."

Israel Hands' words did not seem to me to come natural. As for his idea of preferring wine to rum, I entirely disbelieved it. He wanted me to go below and leave him alone for some reason—so much was plain—but, with what purpose, I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine, they kept wandering, up and down—now at the sky, now to the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most shame-faced manner, so that a child could have told that he was intending to play some trick on me. I answered at once, seeming to notice nothing—for with such a foolish fellow it was clearly better to pretend not to have seen anything.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I guess it's about the blessed same to me," he replied, "so long as it's strong, and plenty of it."

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you red, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to search for it."

With that I went down below with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along, up the other stairs, and put my head up to watch. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every possible care; and certainly the worst of my fears proved too true.

He had risen on to his hands and knees. It was clear that his leg hurt him very sharply when he moved—for I could hear him moan. Then he crept swiftly along and, from its hiding-place among some ropes, he took out a long knife, discoloured up to its handle with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, tried the point upon his hand, and then hastily concealing it in his coat, went back again into his old place.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to send me away, it was plain that I was meant to be the sacrifice. What he would do afterwards was more than I could say: perhaps he would try to make his way

right across the island from North Bay to the camp in the lowlands, or perhaps he would fire the ship's gun, trusting that his own friends might come first to help him.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the beaching of the vessel. We both desired to have her laid safe enough in a sheltered place, and so that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labour and danger as possible; and until that was done, I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, my body had been busy also. I had gone back to the room, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand on a bottle of wine, and I went up again with this in my hand.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together, and with his eyes half shut as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a big drink. Then he lay quiet for a little.

"Ah, Jim, Jim, I'm for my long home, and no mistake," he said at last.

"Well," said I, "if I was you and thought myself so near to death, I would say my prayers like a God-fearing man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've lived in evil and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody knife he had hidden in his pocket, and intended, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great drink of the wine and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, stores running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I've never seen good come o' goodness yet. The

man who strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; those are my views—*amen*, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his manner, "we've had about enough of this fooling. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail straight in and be done with it."

We had scarcely two miles to run; but the way was difficult: the entrance to this northern bay was narrow and dangerous. Israel Hands knew his work; his orders were excellent, and I think I carried them out well and quickly. The shores of North Bay were thickly wooded. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last state of ruin. It had been a great vessel, but had lain there so long that shore bushes had taken root on it, and now grew there thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the bay was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a good place to beach a ship on. Fine flat sand, sheltered, trees all round it, and flowers growing like a garden on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied: "you take a rope on shore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' those big trees: bring it back. When high water comes, all take a pull upon the rope, and off she comes as sweet as nature. And now, boy, you be ready. We're near the place now."

He issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed. The *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran towards the low wooded shore.

The excitement of the task had made me watch Hands less carefully. I was so much interested waiting for the ship to touch land, that I quite forgot the danger that hung over me. I was leaning over the side looking at the water. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden fear seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a sound, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; but, sure enough, when I looked

round there was Hands already half-way towards me, with the knife in his right hand.

We both must have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but, while mine was the cry of terror, his was the roar of anger like a charging beast's. At the same instant he threw himself at me. I leapt sideways, and he fell downward.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the ship to run about in. He had already turned and was coming directly after me. I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket and took a cool aim; but the powder was wet and the pistol did not fire. I cursed myself for my carelessness. Why had not I, long before, loaded it again?

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his hair falling over his face and his face itself red with his haste and anger. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor indeed, much desire, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retire before him or he would speedily trap me again at the other end of the ship. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the bloody knife would be my last experience on this side of the grave.

I paused. Seeing that I meant to turn and run past him, he also paused. As I moved one way, he moved also. It was such a game as I had often played upon the rocks at home, but never before with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an old seaman with a wounded leg. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high that I allowed myself a few thoughts on what would be the end of the business, and while I saw certainly that I could make the game continue as long as I liked, I saw no hope of any escape in the end.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck the sand, and then, swift as a blow, went over on to one side.

We were both of us thrown over, and both of us rolled almost together, to the side; the dead Red-cap, with his

arms still spread out, came slipping after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against Hands' foot with a crack that shook my teeth. In spite of the blow, I was the first on foot again; for Hands had got mixed up with the dead body. The sudden leaning over of the ship had made it no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought, I leapt and began to climb up hand over hand among the sails.

I had been saved by my quickness; the knife had struck not half a foot below me, as I fled upward; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect figure of anger and surprise.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in loading both my pistols again with dry powder.

This action came as a nasty shock to Hands. He saw the game going against him. After considering the matter for a minute or two, he began to climb up slowly and painfully after me, holding the knife in his teeth. It cost him no end of time and moans to drag his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll fire! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a smile.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think. At last he spoke. In order to speak he had to take the knife from his mouth, but, in all else, he remained unmoved.

"Jim," said he, "I guess we've got to make terms of peace. I would have had you but for that roll of the ship. But I'm unfortunate, I am. I suppose I'll have to pull down my flag, which comes hard, you see, for an old seaman to a ship's boy like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as pleased with myself as a monkey on a roof-top, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air: I felt a blow and then a sharp

pain, and there I was pinned by the shoulder. In the terrible pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own will, and I am sure it was without taking any aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a low cry, Hands loosed his hold, and fell, head-first into the water.

Twenty-seven

"PIECES OF EIGHT"

As you remember, the ship was leaning right over on its side; so Hands, of course, fell into the water. He rose once in a mist of blood, and then sank again for ever. As the water settled, I could see him lying on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two swam past his body. Sometimes, by the glimmering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had intended to murder me.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint, and afraid. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The knife, where it had pinned my shoulder, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that were hardest to bear, it was the terror I had upon my mind of falling into that still green water, beside the body of Israel Hands.

I held on with both hands till my nails were white, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the danger. At last my mind came back again, and I became calmer.

My first thought was to pull out the knife, but either it was stuck too hard in the wood behind me, or I lacked the courage. My whole body shook with hatred of the thought of it. Oddly enough that movement did the business. The

knife held me only by a narrow piece of skin, and this my movement tore away.



I LIFTED HIM OVER THE SIDE

I climbed down; then went below and bound up the wound. There was a good deal of blood, but the wound

was not deep or dangerous. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last voyager—the dead man, O'Brien.

I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of corn, and, with one good pull, lifted him over the side. The red cap came off, and remained floating; and as soon as the water was quiet again, I could see him and Israel lying side by side. There he lay, with his head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes swimming about over both.

I was now alone upon the ship. The sun was setting, and the shadow of the trees upon the western shore began to reach right across the bay.

I made all fast and safe on board, and by the time I had finished, the whole bay was in shadow, the last sunbeams falling through a wood, and shining bright as jewels on the flowery covering of the wreck. It began to be cold. The sea was running out, and the ship was settling down on to the sand.

I climbed down a rope and let myself drop softly into the sea. The water scarcely reached my waist. I reached the shore just as the sun went down, and the wind whistled low in the darkness among the restless trees.

I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and tell what I had done. Perhaps I should be blamed for deserting, but the taking of the *Hispaniola* was full answer to that, and I hoped that Captain Smollett would allow that I had not wasted my time.

As I marched on, I came near to the place where I had met Ben Gunn, and I proceeded more carefully, keeping an eye on every side. Darkness had come; and, as I looked between two hills, I saw a glow against the sky, as if the man of the island were cooking his supper before a roaring fire. Yet I wondered that he should show himself so careless. For, if I could see it, might it not reach the eyes of Silver also?

The moon came up. With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, drew near to the stockade.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the open place in which the stockade stood. The western end was already bright with moonbeams; the rest, and the log-house itself, still lay in a black shadow, barred with long, silvery lines of light. On the other side of the house a huge fire had burned itself down into red coals. There was not a soul moving, not a sound beside the noises of the wind.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, rather careful of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I crept round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and, at a place where the darkness was thickest, crossed the stockade.

Then I got upon my hands and knees, and crept, without a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like music to hear my friends breathing so loud in their sleep. The sea-cry of the watch, that beautiful “All's well,” never fell more joyfully on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept a very bad watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen the dawn. That, thought I, was because the captain was wounded; and again I blamed myself for leaving them in that danger with so few to keep guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could learn nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the steady music of the sleepers, and a small noise from time to time, a little pecking sound, which I could in no way explain.

With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought, with a silent laugh) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something soft—it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a high voice broke forth out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" without pause or change, like the turning of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of wood; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus declared my coming.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp voice of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty curse the voice of Silver cried:

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck against one person, fell back, and ran full into the arms of a second, who closed upon me and held me tight.

"Bring a light, Dick," said Silver.

And one of the men left the log-house, and soon returned with a lamp.

Twenty-eight

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

THE yellow glow of the lamp showed me that the worst of my fears had come true. The pirates possessed the log-house and the stores. There was the meat and bread as before, and—what ten times increased my terror—not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had been killed, and my heart was grieved that I had not been there to die with them.

There were six of the pirates in all; not another man was

left alive. Five of them were on their feet, their faces still red with sleep. The sixth had only risen upon his arm: his face was very white, and the bloody cloth round his head told that he had been wounded not many hours ago. I remembered the man who had been shot and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and guessed that this was he.

The parrot sat on Long John's shoulder. She, herself, I thought, looked rather more solemn than before, and her feathers were dirty and torn.

"So," said Silver, "here's Jim Hawkins! dropped in on a visit, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

And he sat down across the barrel, and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a light for my pipe, Dick," said he. "You need not stand up for Mr. Hawkins, gentlemen. Well, here you are, Jim: quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I saw that you were a bright lad when first I set eyes on you, but this takes my breath away, it does."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, bravely enough, I hope, to all outward appearance; but with black despair in my heart.

Silver went on smoking his pipe.

"Now, Jim, I've always liked you. I always wanted you to join us, and take your share, and die like a gentleman—and now, my lad, you've got to! Captain Smollett is a hard man about obeying orders: 'Duty is duty,' he says. The doctor is right against you. So there's how it is; you can't go back to your own people. So, unless you start a ship's company all by yourself, you'll have to join Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, though I partly believed the truth of Silver's story, that they were angry with me.

"I don't say anything as to your being in our power," continued Silver, "though there you are. But I've never

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seen good come out of force. If you like the service, well, you'll join; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome; and that's as fair as anything can be."

"Am I to answer, then?" I asked, with a shaking voice. Through all this talk, I was made to feel the shadow of death that hung over me, and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's pressing you. Think it over. None of us will hurry you; time goes so pleasantly in your company, you see."

"Well," said I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"What's what?" repeated one of the pirates in a deep voice. "Ah, he'd be a fortunate fellow who knew that!"

"You'll perhaps shut your face until you're spoken to, friend," cried Silver angrily. Then in his smooth voice he replied to me: "Yesterday morning Dr. Livesey came down with a white flag. Said he, 'Ship's gone.' We looked out, and, by thunder, the old ship was gone. I never saw a set of fools look sillier. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'let's make a bargain.' We bargained, he and I, and here we are, stores, log-house, and the firewood you were thoughtful enough to cut for us. As for them, they've marched off; I don't know where they are."

Silver drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you were thought of in the bargain, here's the last word that was said: 'How many are you,' said I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' said he—'four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, curse him,' he said, 'and I don't much care. We're about tired of him.' These were his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son," replied Silver.

"And now I am to choose?"

"And now you are to choose, and you may make up your mind to that," said Silver.

"Well," said I, "I am not such a fool, but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I met you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you," I said, and by this time I was quite excited; "and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we came in sight of land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea; and I told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the ship, it was I who cut her loose, and it was I that killed the men you had on board of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her again, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you like, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, I'll forgive the past, and, when you fellows are being tried as pirates, I'll save you, if I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another, and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep me to save you from hanging."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat gazing at me like so many sheep. And while they were still gazing, I broke out again.

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with a voice so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at me, or had been moved by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried the old brown-faced seaman—Morgan by name—whom I had seen in Long John's inn at Bristol. "It was he that knew Black Dog."

"Well, and see here," added Silver, "I'll put another

again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that stole the map from Billy Bones. First and last, we've been wrecked upon Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with a foul word.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife.

"Get back there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you were cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, some by hanging, and some to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and saw a good day afterwards, Tom Morgan."

Morgan paused; but a murmur rose from the others.

"Tom's right," said one.

"I've had enough ordering about," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be ordered by you, John Silver."

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with me?" roared Silver, bending far forward from his place on the barrel, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. "Put a name on what you're at. Speak up; him that wants shall get it. You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune—or say you are. Well, I'm ready. Take a knife, him that dares, and I'll see the colour of his inside before that pipe's empty."

Not a man moved; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "Well, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you aren't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here, by election. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long seamile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him—that's what I say."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still madly beating, but with a

glimmer of hope now shining in my breast. Silver leant back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in church; yet his eye kept wandering and he kept the tail of it on his followers. They, on their part, drew together towards the far end of the log-house, and the low sound of their whispering sounded in my ear unceasingly like a stream. One after another they would look up, and the light of the lamp would fall for a moment on their anxious faces; but it was not towards me, it was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," said Silver. "Let me hear it, or stop talking."

"Ask your pardon, sir," replied one of the men, "but this crew is dissatisfied. This crew has its rights like other crews, and by your own rules we can talk together. I claim my right and step outside to talk there."

And so saying, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five-and-thirty, stepped coolly towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example, and left Silver and me alone with the lamp.

The sea-cook instantly removed his pipe.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," he said in a steady whisper, that could only just be heard, "you're within half an inch of death, and what's a great deal worse than death. They're going to throw me off from being their captain. But, remember I stand by you through everything. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was in despair at losing all that treasure, and being hanged into the bargain. But I saw you were the right sort. I said to myself: 'You stand by Hawkins, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last hope, and, by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back,' said I. 'You save him to say a word for you at the trial, and he'll save your neck!'"

I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Ay, by God, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck



"STEP UP, LAD. I WON'T EAT YOU."

courage, and having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped quickly back again to his companions.

The sea-cook looked at what had been given him.

"The black spot! I thought so," he said. "Where might you have got the paper? Why! look here, now: this is very bad! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool has cut a Bible? That will sure bring trouble on you!"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there! What did I say? 'No good'll come o' that,' I said."

"Well, you've about fixed it now, among you," continued Silver. "You'll all hang now, I suppose. What soft-headed fool had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver.

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Stop that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has given you the black spot according to the rules. Just you turn it over according to the rules and see what's written there. Then you can talk."

"Thank you, George," replied the sea-cook. "You always were good at business, and you have the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! '*Thrown off*'—that's it, is it? Very prettily written, to be sure; like print. Your handwriting, George? Why, you are getting quite a leading man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Give me a light, will you: this pipe's gone out."

"Come now," said George, "you won't fool this crew no more. You're a wonderful man, by your account; but you're done for now, and you'll please step down off that barrel, and help elect a new captain."

"I thought you said you knew the rules," replied Silver with a short laugh. "But, if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you tell me your complaints; and I reply. Till then, your black spot isn't worth a penny. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you shall know the complaints soon enough. First, you let everything go wrong on the voyage. Second, you let the enemy out of this trap for nothing. Third, you would not let us attack them on the march. And then, fourth, there's this boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly.

"Enough too," replied George. "We shall all hang because of you."

"Well, I'll answer these points. I let the voyage go wrong, did I? You all know what I wanted, and, if that had been done, we'd be on board the *Hispaniola* now, with the treasure in her, by thunder! Who crossed me? Who gave me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Why, Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry."

Silver paused, and I could see that his words had had some effect.

"That's for one point," he continued. "I give you my word I'm sick to speak to you. I don't know why your mothers let you come to sea. Gentlemen of fortune! Shop-keepers is your trade. Well, the next point—this boy. Are we going to waste him? Can't we hold him a prisoner and use him to bargain with? And the last point, about letting them go safe out of here. Perhaps you count it nothing to have a real doctor coming to see you every day, you, John, with your head broken—and you, George Merry, with your eyes still yellow with sickness? I made a bargain. I made it because you came creeping to me on your knees, and you'd have died of hunger too if I hadn't—but that's nothing. You look there—that's why I let 'em go!"

And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognized—none other than the map on yellow paper, with the three red marks, that I had found at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

The pirates could hardly believe their eyes. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by their cries of joy and the laughing, you would have thought, not only they had

already got the gold, but that they were at sea with it, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint sure enough—'J. F.' and a line below with a knot it in; so he always did it."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, with no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall, "Now I give you warning, George—" he cried, "one more word, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my ship, with your crossing of me, burn you! But not you, you can't; you haven't got the sense of a fly. But polite you can speak, and shall, George Merry."

"That's fair enough," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I think so," said the sea-cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I give up, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the cry, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I guess you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and it's well for you that I'm a forgiving man. And now, friends, this black spot? It isn't much good now, is it? Dick has cut his Bible and brought bad fortune on himself, and that's all about it. Here, Jim—here's a curious thing for you," said Silver; and he threw the paper to me.

It was a round piece of paper about the size of a penny. One side was plain for it had been the last page; the other contained a line or two of print—these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with burnt wood; on the other side had been written with the same material the words "*Thrown off.*" I have it beside me at this moment as I write.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and heaven knows I had matter enough for thought, in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own present danger, and, above all, in the wonderful game that I saw Silver now playing—keeping the pirates together with one hand, and feeling, with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his own life. He, himself, slept peacefully.

Thirty

A PRISONER

I WAS awakened by a clear voice calling to us from the edge of the wood:

“Log-house, *ahoy!*” it cried. “Here’s the doctor.”

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

When I ran to a hole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the middle in creeping mist.

“You, doctor! Top o’ the morning to you, sir!” cried Silver, broad awake and shining with good nature in a moment. “Bright and early, to be sure: George, shake yourself, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the side. All doing well, your sick men, all well and merry. . . .”

So he talked on, standing on the hill-top, with his stick under his arm, and one hand upon the side of the log-house—quite the old John, in voice, manner, and expression.

“We’ve quite a surprise for you, too, sir,” he continued. “We’ve a little stranger here—ha! ha! A new lodger, sir, and looking in excellent health, slept like a log, he did.”

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and near

the cook; and I could hear the change in his voice as he said:

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," said Silver.

The doctor stopped; he did not speak; it was some moments before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us see these sick men of yours."

A moment afterwards he had entered the log-house, and, with one nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He did not seem at all afraid, though he must have known that his life among these base fellows depended on a hair; and he talked to them as if he were paying a visit in a quiet English family. And the men behaved to him as if nothing had happened, as if he was still ship's doctor, and they common seamen under his charge.

"You are doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the broken head, "and if ever any person had a narrow escape, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty colour, certainly; why, your stomach, man, is upside down. Did you take that oil? Did he take that oil, men?"

"Yes, sir, he took it, sure enough," replied Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am pirates' doctor, or 'prison doctor,' as I prefer to call it," said Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a point of honour not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the hangman."

The men looked at each other, but said nothing to this.

"Dick doesn't feel well, sir," said one.

"Ah there," said Morgan, "that comes of cutting Bibles."

"It comes of being asses," replied the doctor, "and camping on that low land among the mists. Silver, I'm surprised at you; you don't seem to have any idea of the rules of health."

"Well," said the doctor, after he dealt with them all, more like school-children than blood-thirsty pirates—"well,

that's done for to-day. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door taking his oil; but he swung round at the doctor's words and cried "No!" with a curse.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual voice, "I was thinking of that, knowing that you had a fancy for the boy. We all thank you for your kindness, and, as you see, put faith in you, and swallow your oils and your powders like that much rum. And I think I've found a way that will suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honour not to try to escape?"

I gave the promise required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside of that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and you can talk between the cracks. Good-day to you, sir, and all our respects to Mr. Trelawney and Cap'n Smollett."

There was a burst of angry murmuring as soon as the doctor left the house: Silver was told that he was trying to make a separate peace for himself; in fact, of doing the exact thing that he *was* doing. It seemed so clear to me that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were. He called them all fools, said that it was necessary that I should talk to the doctor, waved the map in their faces, asked them if they could break the bargain on the very same day that they were going treasure hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break it when the time comes; and till then I'll deceive that doctor, and keep his eyes shut."

And then he ordered them to get the fire lit, and marched out upon his stick, with his hand on my shoulder, leaving them silenced, but not satisfied.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might turn upon us in a moment, if we were seen to hurry."

We advanced across the sand to where the doctor was waiting for us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll remember this here also, doctor," said he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and was thrown off for it. Doctor, when a man's playing as dangerous a game as I am, you wouldn't think it too much to say a good word for him, and give him a bit of hope of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the log-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his voice shook.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey.

"I've got courage, doctor—but I don't like the idea of hanging. And now I step to one side and leave you and Jim alone."

So saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of hearing, and there sat down upon a log and began to whistle, turning round now and again upon his seat to get a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, sometimes of his dissatisfied crew as they moved about making breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. You have brought it upon yourself. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you would not have dared to go; and when he was ill, and couldn't prevent it, by George, it was really base of you."

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; I shall lose my life, and indeed I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and doctor, believe this, I can die—I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is that they may kill me *slowly*. If they do that—"

"Jim," the doctor broke in, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Jump over and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "But I can't let you stay here. Jump! One jump and we'll run like rabbits."

"No," I replied, "you wouldn't do it yourself. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. When I'm in pain, I might let out a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by good fortune and part by risking, and she lies in North Bay."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him all that had happened, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he exclaimed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saves our lives, and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out their plans; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by heaven, and talking of Ben Gunn! Silver!" he cried, "Silver!—I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir," said Silver, "I can only save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure."

"Well," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for trouble when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "you've said too much or too little. What you're after, why you left the log-house, why you have given me that there map, I don't know. And yet I have carried out your orders with my eyes shut, and never a word of hope! But no, this thing is too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll do nothing more for you."

"No," said the doctor, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go. And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this trap, I'll do my best to save you."

Silver's face shone. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not even if you were my mother," he cried.

"And I'll give you a piece of advice," added the doctor.

"Keep the boy close beside you; and, when you need help, give a shout. I'm off to seek it for you. Good-bye, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off rapidly into the wood.

Thirty-one

THE TREASURE HUNT—FLINT'S POINTER

"JIM," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget. I saw the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I saw you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glimmer of hope I've had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure hunting, with secret orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and I must keep close, back to back, and we'll save our necks in spite of fate and fortune."

Just then a man shouted to us that breakfast was ready, and we sat down to it by the fire.

As Silver ate, he kept on talking. "Ah, lads," he said, "it's a good thing you have Barbecue to think for you. I got what I wanted. Sure enough they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but, once we get the treasure, we'll jump about and find out. We have the boats, and that makes us stronger than they are. As for this boy, that's his last talk with them he loves so dear. I'll take him on a rope when we go treasure hunting, in case of accidents. . . ."

And so he ran on. The men were very pleased with themselves now, and I was in despair. Silver had still a foot in both camps. If this plan of his could be carried out, he would do it, for he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a mere escape from hanging on our side. Even

if he kept his promise to Dr. Livesey, what danger lay before us! He and I would have to fight for our lives, a one-legged man and a boy against five strong seamen. Add to these fears the strange actions of my friends. Why had they left the stockade? What was the meaning of the doctor's last warning, "Look out for trouble when you find it"? You may easily believe that I had little taste for my breakfast.

We set out, a strange-looking party, all in soiled clothes, and all, except me, armed to the teeth. Captain Flint sat on Silver's shoulder, talking strange sea-talk. I had a rope round my waist and followed after Silver who held the other end, now in his free hand, now in his powerful teeth.

We went down to the beach and got into the boats. As we rowed, there was some talk about the map. The writing on the back was not very clear. It ran, as you will remember, thus:

"Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, line to a point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the chief mark by which we had to guide ourselves. But the high ground in which the treasure was supposed to lie was covered with tall trees; and every man in the boats had chosen a different one of the trees as the right one.

After quite a long trip in the boats we landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down the side of Spy-glass hill. From there we began to climb up to the high ground.

The party spread itself out, shouting and leaping. About the centre, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I held by my rope, he making his way with difficulty over the soft soil. From time to time, indeed, I had to help him, or he must have fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the top, when the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't have found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's right on the top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a big tree and partly grown over with forest plants, lay what had once been a man. A few pieces of clothing still lay about the bones.

Cold fear struck into every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "This is good sea-cloth."

"Ah," said Silver, "he would be that. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie; it's not in nature."

Indeed, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural shape. The man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken an idea into my old head," said Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the top point of the little island, standing out like a tooth. Just take a line, will you, along the line of these bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the small island, and the compass showed E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this is a pointer. Right up there is our line for the jolly old treasure. But, by thunder! if it doesn't make me cold inside to think of Flint. He would have thought this a laughing matter, he would. He and these six were alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he dragged here and laid down by compass. Great guns. They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ah, that would be Allardyce. You remember Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"I do," replied Morgan, "I remember him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife on shore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his knife lying here? Flint wasn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.



WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN

"There isn't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the bones. "It doesn't look natural to me."

"No, by heaven, it doesn't," agreed Silver; "not natural, nor nice. Great guns! if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me: Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these eyes," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he lay, with pennies on his eyes to keep 'em shut."

"Dead—yes, sure enough he's dead and gone below," said the fellow with the broken head; "but if ever a man's spirit walked after death, it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died badly, did Flint!"

"That he did," said another; "now he cursed, and now he shouted for the rum, and now he sang. 'Fifteen men' was his only song; and I've never liked to hear it since. It was hot, and the window was open, and I hear that old song coming out as clear as clear—and the hand of Death on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stop this talk. He's dead, and he doesn't walk, that I know—well, he won't walk by day; you may be sure o' that."

We went on; but in spite of the hot sun and the bright daylight, the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the wood, but kept side by side and spoke in low voices. The terror of the dead Captain Flint had fallen on their spirits.

Thirty-two

THE TREASURE HUNT—THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES

WHEN we reached the top of the hill Silver took out his compass and looked again at the map.

"There are three 'tall trees,'" said he, "about in the

right line from the small island. It'll be easy to find the treasure now. I'd like to have my dinner first."

"I don't want any food," said Morgan. "Thinking of Flint has set my stomach against food."

"Ah, well, my son, you may praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

"He was an ugly devil," cried a third pirate; "blue in the face, too!"

"That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Blue! That's a true word."

Every since they had found the dead bones and had started thinking of Captain Flint, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly broke the silence of the woods. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, shaking voice struck up the well-known words:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I never have seen men more dreadfully moved than the pirates. The colour went from their six faces as if by magic; some leaped to their feet, some caught hold of others; Morgan rolled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by God!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off in the middle of a word, as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his white lips to get the word out, "this won't do. This is someone trying to play a trick on us."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the colour to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to believe his words and to feel bolder, when the same voice broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant call.

"Darby M'Graw!" it cried, "Darby M'Graw!" again

and again and again; and then rising a little higher, "Fetch the rum, Darby!"

The pirates remained rooted to the ground, their eyes wide with terror. Long after the voice had died away, they still gazed in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" whispered one. "Let's go."

"Those were his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words before he died."

Dick had his Bible out and was praying aloud. He had been a good boy once—before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered.

"Nobody in this island ever heard of Darby," he whispered to himself; "no one except us here." And then, gathering up all his courage, "Men," he cried, "I'm here to get that treasure, and I'll not be beaten by man nor devil. I never was afraid of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pounds not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman of fortune leave that much money, for a drunk old seaman with a blue face—and him dead, too?"

But there was no signs of awakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the boldness of his words.

"Silence there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a spirit."

And the rest were all too frightened to reply. They would have run away one by one, had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had almost fought his weakness down.

"Spirit? Well, it may be," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever saw a spirit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That isn't in nature, surely?"

This reasoning seemed weak enough to me. But, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly moved by it.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. This crew is on a wrong course, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not so clear. It was more like somebody else's voice now—it was more like—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Ah! so it was," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it was!"

"It doesn't make much difference, does it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more than Flint."

But the older men laughed at this.

"Why, nobody cares about Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody takes any notice of him."

It was wonderful how their spirits had returned, and how the natural colour had come back to their faces. Soon they were talking together, with pauses to listen; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line. He had said the truth; dead or alive, nobody cared about Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful eyes; but no one took any notice of him, and Silver even laughed at him.

"I told you," said he—"I told you, you had cut your Bible and now it's no protection to you against spirits."

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick: hastened by heat and the shock of his alarm, his illness was growing swiftly worse.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the compass proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air. It might be seen far to sea both on the east and west.

Silver hurried on; I could hear his heavy breathing; he cursed like a madman when flies settled on his hot and shining face. He pulled angrily at the rope which held me

to him, and from time to time turned his eyes on me with a fearful look.

Certainly Silver took no care to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and get on board the *Hispaniola* under cover of night, cut every honest throat on that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, covered with riches—and blood.

We now drew near to the hiding-place of the treasure.

"Come on, all together," shouted Merry; and the leader broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards farther, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver rushed on faster, and next moment he and I had come also to a dead stop.

Before us was a great hole, not very new, for the sides had fallen in and grass had grown on the bottom. In this were a broken axe and several pieces of board scattered about. On one of these I saw, burnt with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear enough. The place had been found, and the treasure taken away: the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

Thirty-three

THE FALL OF A LEADER

THERE never was such a shock in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly; he remained calm, got control of his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to understand the ruin of their hopes.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barrelled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so angry at these constant changes that I could not help whispering, "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time for him to answer in. The pirates, with curses and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the hole, and to tear up the soil with their fingers, throwing the boards away as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a rain of curses. It went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"One pound!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, aren't you? You're him that never made a mistake, you wooden-headed fool!"

"You might find some roots there," said Silver with a cool laugh, "—if you go deep enough."

"Roots!" repeated Merry. "Do you hear that, lads? I tell you now, that man knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it written there."

"Ah, Merry," said Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time everyone was entirely in Merry's favour. They began to climb out of the hole, casting angry looks behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the hole between us, and nobody's courage high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, standing up very straight on his stick, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.



LONG JOHN FIRED TWO BARRELS INTO
THE STRUGGLING MERRY

"Lads," said he, "there are two of them alone there, one's the old one-legged fool that brought us all down to this; the other's that boy that I mean to have the heart of. Now, lads——"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack!—three gun-shots flashed out of the bushes. Merry fell head first into the hole; the man with the wounded head fell all his length upon his side, where he lay dead, but still kicking his feet; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could move, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and, as the man rolled up his eyes at him, "George," said he, "I guess I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us with smoking guns, from among the trees.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double quick, my lads. We must drive 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great speed, pushing through bushes breast-high.

I tell you, Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his stick till his arms and shoulders were fit to burst, was work no whole man ever equalled; and so thinks the doctor. As it was, he was already thirty yards behind us, when we reached the edge of the slope.

"Doctor," he shouted, "see there! no hurry!"

Sure enough there was no hurry. In a more open part, we could see the three men still running in the same direction as they had started. We were already between them and the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John came slowly up to us.

"Thank you kindly, doctor," said he. "You came just in time, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the man, looking very

uncomfortable. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how are you, Mr. Silver? 'Pretty well, I thank you,' says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think that you've tricked me."

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the axes, left behind by the pirates. As we proceeded down hill to where the boats were lying, he told, in a few words, what had happened. It was a story that greatly interested Silver.

Ben, in his long wanderings about the island, had found the treasure (it was his axe that lay broken in the hole); he had carried the gold on his back, in many weary journeys, to a cave on the two-pointed hill at the north-east corner of the island, and there it had been lying in safety two months before the *Hispaniola* arrived.

The doctor had got this secret from Ben Gunn, on the afternoon of the attack. Next morning, he saw the ship gone, so he had gone to Silver, given him the map, which was now useless—given him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' meat salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of sickness and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, learning that I was to be present when the pirates found the treasure vanished, he had run back to the cave, fetched Gray and Ben Gunn, and hurried to the place so as to be ready at hand to help.

"Ah," said Silver, "it was fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey gaily.

And by this time we had reached the boats. The doctor, with the axe, broke up one of them and then we all got on board the other and set out to North Bay.

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black

Day after day this work went on. At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were walking on the shoulder of the hill, when, from out of the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise of singing. Then there was silence.

“Heaven forgive them,” said the doctor; “’tis the pirates!”

“All drunk, sir,” struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

We all talked together in the evening as to what should be done with them, and it was decided that we must leave them on the island. We left a good stock of powder and shot and food and clothes.

After seeing to this we got on board and set sail.

We were so short of men that everyone on board had to help, only the captain lying on a bed giving his orders. We set the ship for the nearest port in South America, for we could not risk the voyage home without more men.

It was sundown when we sailed into the harbour. The doctor and Mr. Trelawney took me on shore with them. We met the captain of an English war-ship and went on board his ship. Day was breaking when we came back to the *Hispaniola*.

We found Ben Gunn on board, alone. Silver had gone.

But this was not all. The sea-cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through into the place where the treasure lay, and had removed one of the sacks of money, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred pounds, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to be free of him at the price.

Well, to make a long story short, we got some men on board, and made a good voyage home. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. “Drink and the devil had done for the rest,” although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

“With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.”

All of us had a good share of the treasure, and used it



WE SET SAIL

wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray is now captain and part-owner of a fine ship. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks; or to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. Then Mr. Trelawney made him a gate keeper—just as he had feared on the island—he is also a great singer in the village church.

Of Long John Silver we have heard no more.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know where Flint hid them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Nothing would bring me back again to that cursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the waves beating upon its coasts, or leap up in bed with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

